MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 81 $6.95

CR

MATURE MALE:

PHOTOS
FICTION
HEALTH
SUPPORT
VACATIONS
EVENTS
VIDEOS
OPTIONS
CONTACTS
(18 TO 80 PLUS)

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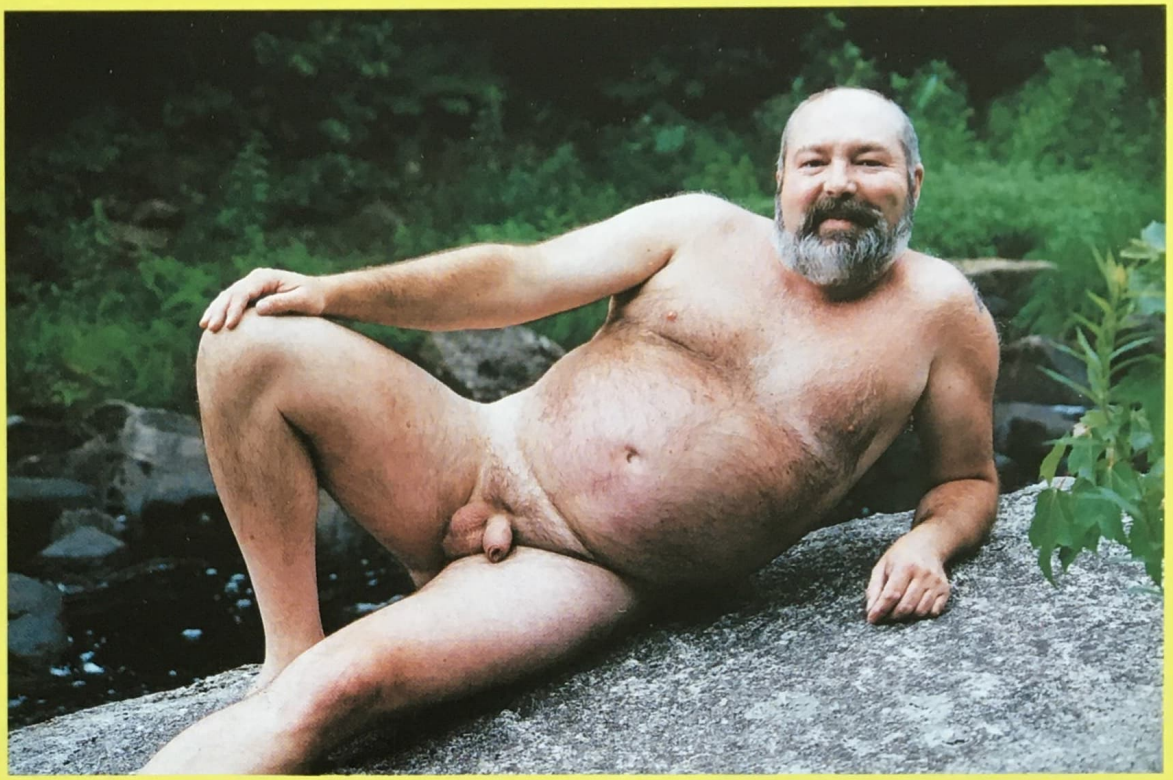
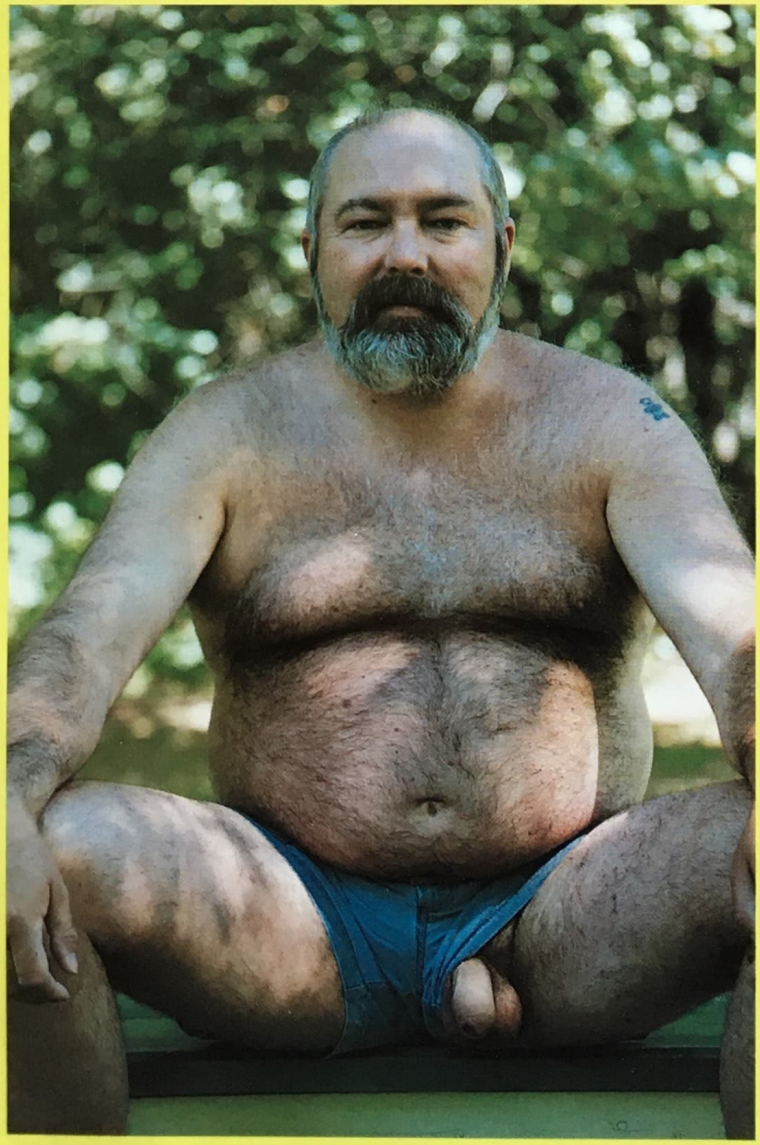
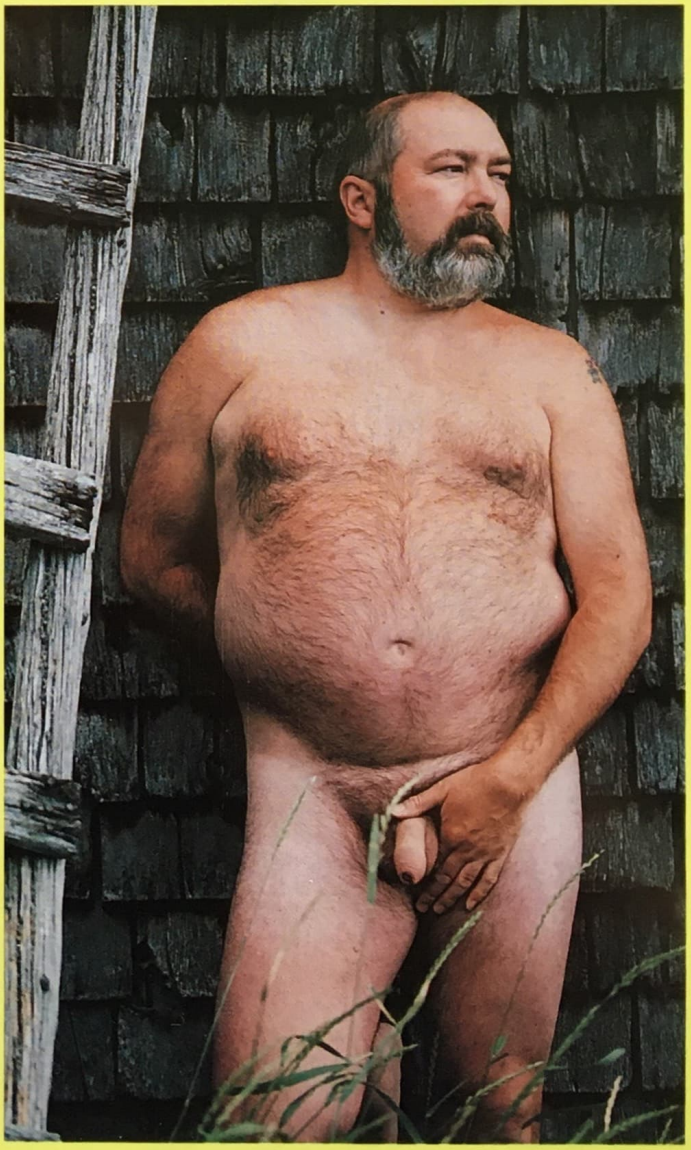
ADULTS ONLY

LAIR BEAR

manny







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NOTICE:

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent Regulations 28 C.F.R. Ch. 1, Part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Patrick H. Colley, owner, at the office of the Publisher, 4864 Luna Road, Phelan, CA 92371, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at all reasonable times.

To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Not for correspondence.

PROFILES OF MODELS and PHOTOGRAPHERS

MODELS

FRONT COVER, 2

LAIR BEAR: 47, 5'-11", 240#, New Brunswick, CANADA, single. Likes computers, fishing, outdoor nudity, music. Looking for friends.

Page 8

VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN TWO: 48, 6 ft., 290, Tidewater Area, in a closed relationship. Likes travel, old movies, country inns, antiques, and really masculine men. Looking for friends or penpals around the world to correspond with. Nothing sexual.

Page 9:

NATURE BOY: 45, 5'-8", 170#, single, Deltona, Florida. Likes music, outdoors, sports, movies, animals, plants. Looking for friends.

THE MILKMAN: 34, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, in an open relationship. Likes men over 50, sports, music. Looking for fun or whatever. Prefer clean-shaven. Bald or gray/white a turn-on.

ULTIMATE DADDY: 60, 5'-10", 400+, Ohio, single. Likes special young men, structures, excellent workmanship, honesty, sweet love. Looking for honest, loving relationship with a young man (18-36) in normal good shape, intelligent, who seeks a quiet, joyous loving Daddy.

ZIG: 72, 5'-7", 250#, Western Florida, in an open relationship. Likes cooking and sex; looking for friends.

TANGO: 64, 5'-6", 170#, Los Angeles, single. Likes older people over 55. Looking for a person with good sense of humor, affectionate, on the chubby side, willing to share good times. Will travel.

Page 11:

WARREN: 61, 5'-10", New Jersey, single. Likes fishing, travel, sports, dining out, theatre. Looking for new friends. Looking for friends.

TRUCKET: 37, 6 ft., 210#, Baltimore, in an open relationship. Likes white males, 40 to 60 years of age. Looking for good-humored, fun-loving someone who loves life.

CLYDE: 68, 6 ft., 215#, Florida. Likes gardening, bridge, reading, cooking. Looking for own age, good friends.

VALENTINO: 59, 5'-11", 160#, San Diego, single. Likes movies, music, light social activities, dinners, quiet evenings at home. Looking for nonsmoker, HIV negative, light drinker, monogamous relationship with right person.

Page 13:

GODWIN: 48, 6 ft., 185#, Canada, in an open relationship. Likes stocky men over 55. Looking for friends, E-mail pals.

Page 14:

BRISBOY: 57, 5'-7", 180#, Australia, single. Likes travel, outdoors, making new friends, correspondence. Looking for penfriends worldwide, reciprocal visits.

FRANCOIS: 53, 5'-10", 196#, Montreal, single. Likes sports, traveling writing, encountering big men.

NEWBORN: 40, 6'-1", 215#, West Coast Florida, single. Likes bicycling, nudity, running, automobiles, toys. Looking for older men, 45+, nonsmoking.

BRAZIL VAL: 43, 5'-3", 120#, Philadelphia, in a relationship. Likes table pool. Looking only for friendships with mature men. Originally from Brazil.

Page 15:

SPHINX: 69, 5'-10", 190#, NYC, in a closed relationship. No data offered.

PARIS: 65, 5'-8", 165#, Flushing, NY, in an open relationship with model JAVA. Likes astronomy, sports, food, quiet evenings. Looking for gentlemen with good personalities.

SLIM SON: 37, 5'-9", 145#, Maryland, single. Likes music, hockey, football, travel, collecting, men who wear turtlenecks. Looking for 45-70, 200#+, hairy, mustache/beard, couples or singles for LTR.

MUSIC CUB: 25, 5'-10", 200#, Missouri, single. Likes pets, computers, music, theatre, movies, good friends. Looking for men, 35 or older, pen-pals, or possible long-term relationship. TnCub@aol.com.

U.K. BRIAN : 55, 5'-10", 10 stone 5, Birmingham, England, single. Likes keeping fit, travel, music, massage, lots of tender loving care, honesty. Looking for total commitment, maturity, hunky, body hair a bonus.

Page 19:

SCORP721: 57, 5'-8", 160#, NYC, single. Likes arts, theatre, travel, spirituality. Looking for LTR with someone with same interests.

Page 20:

MONTREAL PANDA: 51, 5'-10, 225#, Montreal, single. Likes music, walks, cooking, cuddling, making love, people, nature and sharing life. Looking for young and in-between. Attracted to Asians and Hispanics but welcome all.

Page 24

TRIPOD: 62, 5'-10", 175#, New Mexico, single. Likes outdoors, mountains, exercise, electronics, rodeos. Looking for younger, self-supportive, loving, caring, person for possible relationship.

Page 25

TONY: 69, 5'-7", 150#, Washington State and Hawaii. In an open relationship with CR's legendary EX-LOGGER.

Page 26:

PATRICK: 58, 6'-4", 295#, Akron, single. Likes good friends, dining out, quiet times at home, dogs, great company. Looking for friendship only. Not looking for a relationship at this time.

Page 27:

WALTER OF MUNICH: 45, 79kg, Munich, in an open relationship. Looking for older, heavy, hairy, nice, big-bellied men.

TITO: 39, 5'-9", 225#, Columbus, single. Likes animals, reading, nature, laughing. Looking for relationship-oriented men over 50 with sense of humor and who are also romantic.

SYDNEY MIKE: 49, 6'-10, 115 kilos, Sydney. Attached in secure long-term relationship. Likes music, movies, traveling, and chunky, hairy men. Looking for bulky, hairy (face and body) guys, 26 to 50, for corresponding and possible hosting.

CHAUNCY: 27, 5'-11", 185#, New Jersey, in a closed relationship. Likes camping, tennis, snowboarding, the company of good friends.

Page 28:

HOT CREOLE: 68, 5'-10", 225#, Houston, in a closed relationship. Likes cooking, movies, internet chat. Looking for friends and other intergenerational couples.

JERRY EM: 75, 5'-3", 200#, Northern California, single. Likes gardening, traveling, and theatre. Looking for good friendly people.

MAURICIO: 72, 5'-8", 145, Washington, D.C., single. Likes swimming, music, movies, plays, dancing, in-depth conversations. Looking for 25 to 45, especially like Hispanic men or men from Spain, Italy, France or Middle East.

IAMAJIM: 53, 5'-10", 300#, Western New York State, single. Likes day trips, movies, gardening, touching, Haulover Beach. Looking for friends and relationship with nonsmoker.

Page 29:

HOWER: 65, 5'-8", 200#, Texas, in a closed relationship. Likes antique cars and motorcycles. Looking for friendships.

GORDON: 57, 5'-11, 155#, Midwest, single. Likes Bear, Leather and Nude clubs.

TORRES: 49, 5'-10", 164#, Southeast Spain, in an open relationship. Likes art, sculpture, folk music/dance, nudism. Looking for masculine, men over 35 for correspondence, photo exchange, possible visits.

D.C. DADDY: 72, 5'-8", 180#, Washington, DC, single. Outgoing, fun-loving, sincere. Likes art, theater, travel, and food. Looking to meet new friends, 45-55, who are tops.

Page 30:

TEDDY BARE: 56, 5'-11", 190#, Tampa, single. Likes collecting the nude male in all art forms (no porno), and collects duck stamps. Into nudism and learning the computer. Looking to correspond and make new friends with men, 35+. E-mail: TED844@aol.com

Page 31:

SONNY: 38, 5'-7", 240#, San Jose, in a closed relationship with model SAN JOSE. Likes music, computers, football. Looking for new friends and couples for socializing.

Page 32:

SAILOR'S MATE: 61, 5'-5", 155#, Northwest, married and in an open relationship with ROMULUS. Likes friends from all over the world, psychology, art, riding, pen-pals, visits, anthropology. Looking for married or single, gay or bi, for pen pals, possible meetings.

Page 33:

DIEGO KID: 35, 5'-11", 160#, San Diego, single. Likes tennis, beach, volleyball, etc. Looking for fun-loving, over 47, with a firm beer belly.

BRIAN M.: 37, 5'-7", 142#, San Diego, in an open relationship. Likes older (50+), 210#+, hairy. Looking for friends.

BIG McGUNN: 60, 5'-11", 350#, Phoenix, single. Likes reading, swimming, relaxing, computer. Looking for honest, friendly man, about 40-65, for future mate.

CHEF: 42, 5'-10", 165#, Tampa. No other information offered.

Page 34:

CAPT'N TOM: 58, 5'-11", 165#, Florida. Likes sailing.

Page 35:

ERIC BEAR: 40, 5'-6", 165#, Virginia, single. Likes collecting art, piano jazz and classical. Looking for 40+ masculine men.

TEXAS THONY: 26, 5'-7", 210#, North Texas, in an open relationship. Likes computers, photography, history, motorcycles, cooking. Looking for friendships.

VALIANT: 26, 5'-8", 175#, Toronto, single. Looking for Wilford Brimley. Also: heavy-set, active people, fun people.

Page 36:

ROBERT IN TAHOE: 23, 5'-8", 165#, Lake Tahoe, NV. Likes biking, hiking, snowboarding, nudity. He's in an open relationship with model J.O.

Page 39:

RON OF THE DESERT: 63, 5'-9", 210#, Southern California, single. Looking for fat old men.

Page 49:

CHOCOLATE CHARLES & SEA BEAR: 60/78, 5'-9", 185#/200#, South Jersey, in an open relationship with each other. Looking for new friends.

Page 59:

DRAGON HEAD: 58, 5'-7", 250#, Oklahoma, single. Likes Oriental art, cut lead crystal, flowers. Looking for friendships.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MIKE DEVEAU: 43, 5'-10", 220#, Palm Springs, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with. Destined to photograph every hot mature man in the Palm Springs area.

JOEL: 32, Houston, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. He's always on the lookout for new models and has been known to travel widely just for the perfect shot. Recently moved from Austin.

MANNY : 48, 6'-3", 235#, Maryland, single. Looking for a long-term relationship with just the right mature, masculine, husky gentleman, 50+, who is healthy and hairy. Short and stocky men turn him on as well as the big and burly kind. The best cover-quality photographer around.

PHOTOMAN: Late 40s, St. Louis, single. An expert at getting hot, mature men (as well as admirers) to take it all off for the camera. Very much likes to get to know same intimately. A retired professional photographer who will travel for a good photo shoot.

DID YOU KNOW THAT MODELS RECEIVE ABOUT 400% MORE MAIL THAN THOSE WHO RUN PERSONAL ADS?

FORUM

MIND YOUR DIETS!

I would like to see more "in-shape" men. It seems to me that you print more pictures of fat and/or beer belly men than those who have minded their diets. Please consider a better balance as you select the photos. Many thanks! L.G./ San Antonio

KINDNESS IN TURN

I'm glad you found the best way to use the money I sent. I knew you would. Please say hello to the recipient and that I wish him an enjoyable gathering. Yes, I'm not a rich man, but I'd like to help someone in trouble. I was in trouble a long time ago. When I arrived at Syracuse University seven years ago, I was there four days before the dormitory opened. That happened in my first year in the U.S. and I could not speak or understand English well at all. I was totally lost. One person at the registrar's office suggested that I stay at the Sheraton Hotel in front of the University, but I couldn't afford it. Then a lady in the office suggested that I stay with her family for free until the dormitory opened. I did not know how to thank them. They treated me great. So I always seek the chance to return any kind of favor to anyone in trouble. I'd just like to thank you for helping me to give such a wonderful gift to one of CR's members. Unfortunately I have to go back to Japan, hopefully on a temporary basis. I've been in the U.S. eight years, and I really love this country and the people. However, a couple of days ago I got a call from my sister, and she told me that my father had suffered another stroke. Until he establishes himself again and is able to walk and work, I'm planning to help my family in Japan. I believe he will be back on the track soon because he's a strong man, then I'll be back to the U.S. Please cancel my subscription for now. The last thing I need now is that my father has another stroke after he sees CR. Thank you for giving me such wonderful magazines and for letting me know that I am NOT a weirdo just because I'm attracted to older gentlemen with hearts of gold. J.N./Tokyo

HARD FACTS (CR80)

Doesn't anything good ever happen with you people? Your magazine is filled each issue with negatives. Example: Issue 80, page 10 and 11. We don't need or want this garbage. If you can't say something positive, say nothing. These are petty problems best handled privately. I hope there will be a change. I don't want to spend another $42 to read such trash. The rest is good! H.N./ Michigan

I've been to five gatherings and, God willing, I will be attending the next five. I love the magazine, and I love you and Bruce very much for what you've brought into my life. I now give you a bit of advice you may choose to take to heart or simply ignore. I witnessed the incident in the lobby, although I don't know the moronic perp. Having local law enforcement connections, it was rather easy to find out what had transpired relative to the woman with the child: **nothing.** She forever lost an opportunity to kick some serious butt and possibly cause you and the hotel some grief. Okay, now that crisis is behind you. What about the next one? I was also in San Diego and watched as you broke up an orgy in the hot tub. I was in Orlando back in 1993 when one of your staff unzipped a guy's pants in the middle of the ballroom with at least 10 waiters watching. A friend of mine witnessed two guys having sex in the stair well of the east tower in San Diego in 1996. Reaching out to your readers for advice, reason, support, etc. accomplishes nothing. If anything, the more cynical of your audience will use it against you. My advice: Hire contract security and give them strict parameters of delegate behavior. CRPI's head is on the block; therefore, delegates must play by YOUR RULES or not at all. R.E./ Miami

KEEPING HOPE GOING

How do you tell people how you feel? I've had gay feelings since I was 12. Got married after I came back from Viet Nam. Had two children in the process of five years. Sex life was lousy. Here I sit, television going, no clothes on (love to go nude in my house), by myself except for my two dogs, not knowing where to turn. I have been divorced 11 years and have been with no one all that time. Finished raising my son, who finally moved out a month ago. I've never been in a gay relationship—or even to a gay bar or party. I wonder if there is anyone out there for me, or if I have to be alone until I die. Fantasies keep me going: Having another guy love me with passion, someone I could talk to and share my innermost feelings with. At one time I was a good looking dude, but I got fat and old. I'm 53. I found your magazine and hope it can save me. Thanks for a beautiful magazine. I might have hope yet. H.C./Northwest Illinois-Eastern Iowa.

A BADGE OF HONOR

I'm very delighted to inform you that I found a lover/partner in the pages of your magazine. I will be forever grateful to your publication and the service it extends to our mature male community. Our gay culture has written us off and into our "place of eternal rest" after reaching the ripe old age of 50. I don't know about other gay men, but reaching 50 today is a badge of honor, courage and real achievement. We've all endured the disproportionate hate from societal homophobia up to today, but due to our hard work and understand-

ing of the past, we've opened a path toward a more tolerate future for tomorrow's young gays. I thank you, CR, for honoring us and our lifestyle accomplishments. D.K./St. Petersburg

APOLLONETWORK FICTION

I've enjoyed your magazine and fiction since my first issue of CR with THOM on the cover. I almost embarrassed myself in Lambda Rising in Washington, D.C. when I saw it. I was wondering if you had given any thought to posting some of your earlier work on the Apollonetwork site. I'd especially like to read ... I think it was called ZONES and featured an L.A. cop chasing a murderer and finding love and happiness with a man. I had a chance to read it once after borrowing a copy from a friend. Would love to read that one again. Keep up the good work. TONEDEF (E-mail)

ZONES will be serialized on the Apollonetwork in the future. The short stories of QUINCUNX are currently available at the website.

A GENTLE WARNING

For some time I have fretted over several of the gentlemen who run ads in your classified section. Several of them, and one particular fellow from Florida, brag of their wealth and their willingness to share it. In the wake of the Andrew Cunanan situation, I feel a need to speak up on the foolishness of such ads. Are these men completely unaware of the potential for catastrophe their ads invite? Some of them fairly beg for users, gigolos, and other low-lifes to come into their lives. I understand loneliness and the horrible sense of desperation it can bring, but these men are setting themselves up as easy victims for those who prey on others. These men would probably resent the concern or advice of a stranger like me. I'm sure they feel that they are "big boys" who know what they are doing, but so did I when twice I invited charming men to share my home and my life. Both of them, one through thievery and one through drug addiction, caused me a great deal of pain and almost destroyed my reputation. Rebuilding my life after them took a great deal of time, money, and energy. I might never have accomplished it were it not for the love and support of good and true friends. CR helped too by introducing me to a wonderful friend who in turn introduced me to others. I mean no disrespect to the gentlemen who run these ads. I just can't help worrying about them. I can't help wanting to grab each of them by the scruff of the neck and scream, "Wise up, you silly, lonely fool! This is not the way to do it! This could lead to heartbreak or worse!" Of course I realize what folly that is. I'm certainly no authority or expert in the love department. I'm batting zero for three there myself. I just wish there was some way I could reach out and warn them. They are dancing with disaster. M.N./Alabama

RICK

Rick lived on 15th Street, and I live on 21st. Since both apartments are on top floors of the buildings, I would flash a flashlight at him, and he would call on the phone. He was around 40 or so and very large. He was gay, deaf in one ear and blind in one eye. He was being hassled by tenants where he lived: "Faggot," Queer, " that kind of stuff. He put himself to sleep three days before Ellen came out. I know in my heart that if he had been to a gathering he would be alive today. He loved to laugh and someone would have seen his inner beauty. I was so upset that I placed a VERY LARGE "I LOVE ELLEN" sign in my window, facing Rick's apartment and went to stay with DANDEE for three days so I couldn't be asked to remove it. We want to help CR all we can. CHUCKEE/San Francisco

A NAME CHANGE

I just wanted you to know how much I've enjoyed finding CR. I attended my first gathering in Orlando in May where I met model RICHARD, who was my first friend through CR. We had been talking to each other for a little over a year, and this was the first time I had a chance to meet him. Orlando was fantastic, and I will definitely be in San Diego next year. Thanks for all you have done for me, as I am no longer the SHY JOE I was a few months ago. Thanks to CR, I have met a man from Rochester who is the first man I've spent the night with since I was 18. (He also took me to my first gay bar.) I'm 55, so it took over 26 years of marriage and raising two kids to finally come out. SLY JOE/Los Angeles

CONSERVATIVE SINGAPORE

This message comes with many thanks to all of you. I have just received my first two (out of five) back issues. I must say you are doing a fantastic job in promoting appreciation and friendship for mature men and their admirers. I thoroughly enjoyed your articles and of course the photos you publish. Living in a conservative country like mine makes it IMPOSSIBLE to show my affection and appreciation for mature men. Your magazine has certainly helped in a big way. I look forward to the coming issues and to many years of subscriptions to your fabulous publication. Keep up the good work. D.L./SINGAPORE

HUH?

Very soon ...Arcturus.
pa001@magneto.cybersmith.com
(PETER A)

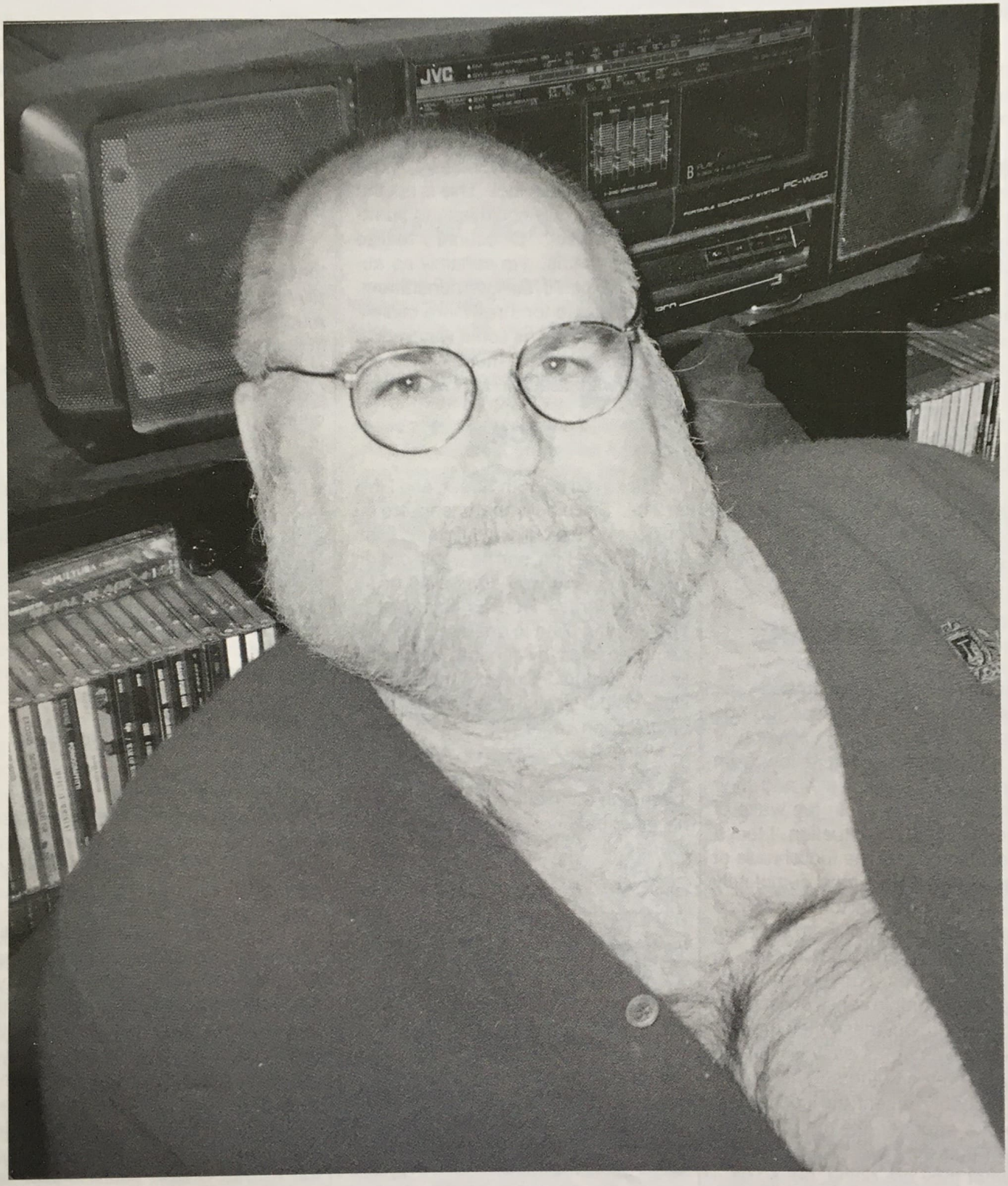
It's time. PETER A
pa001@magneto.cybersmith.com

[My reply was returned as undelivable]

CR is a rag on its way out. I tell all my friends not to subscribe and to pass the issues around to everyone so you won't get the money. I understand that you have run out of new blood, and that you're getting complacent and lazy. I also hear that some guys are planning a trip to Australia the same time as yours and will clean you out. I hope you lose your ass. You threw me out of the hot tub in San Diego, you asshole. Bob/Philadelphia

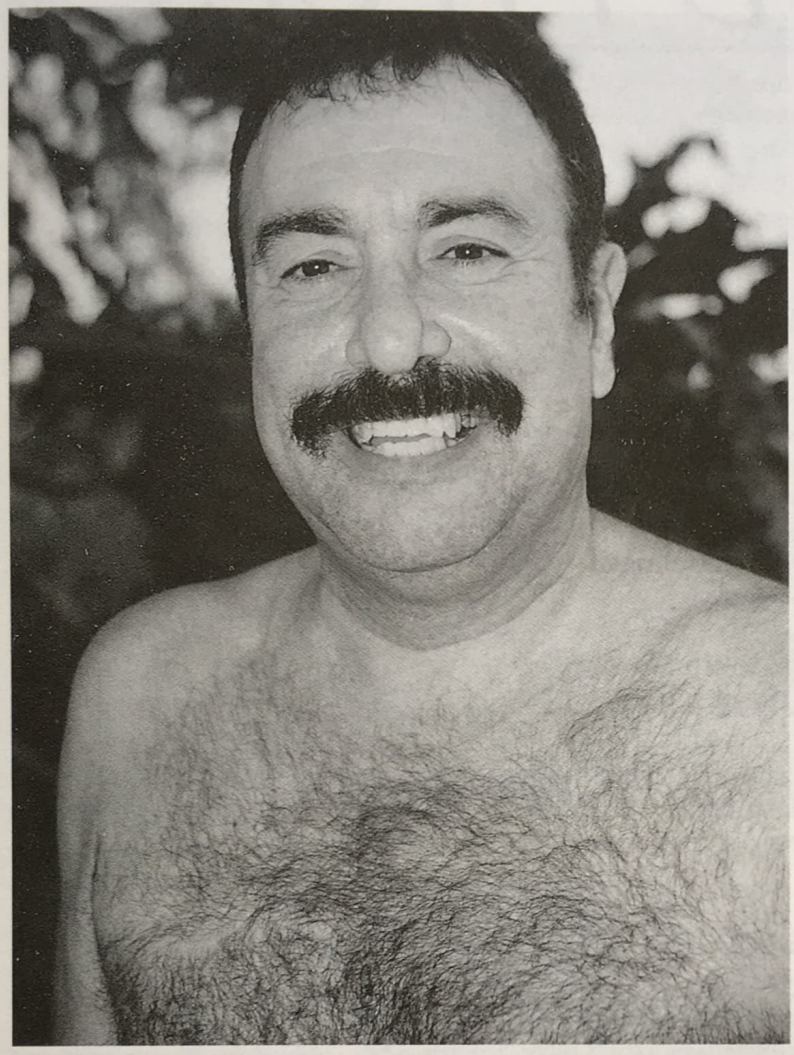
[No reply from CRPI]

VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN TWO

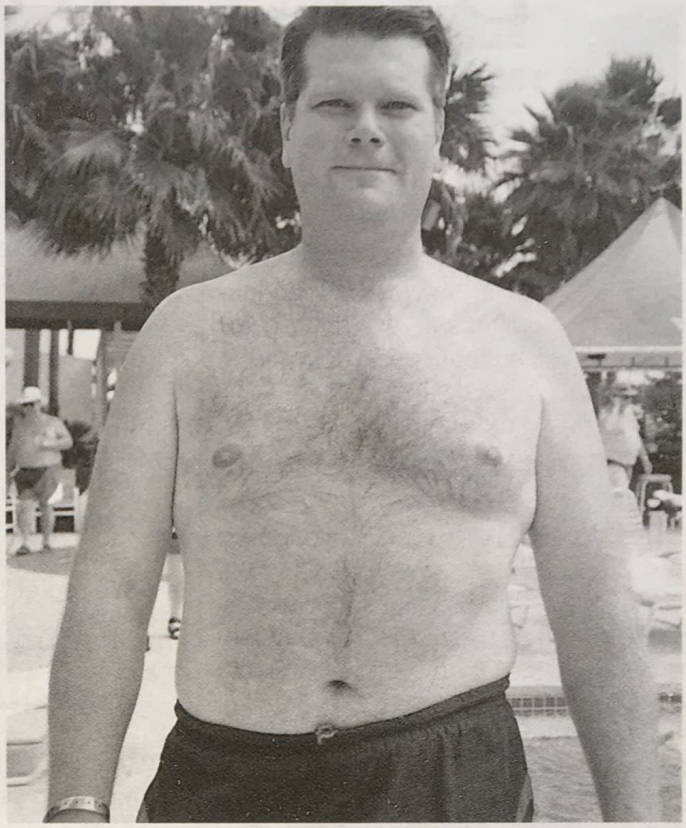


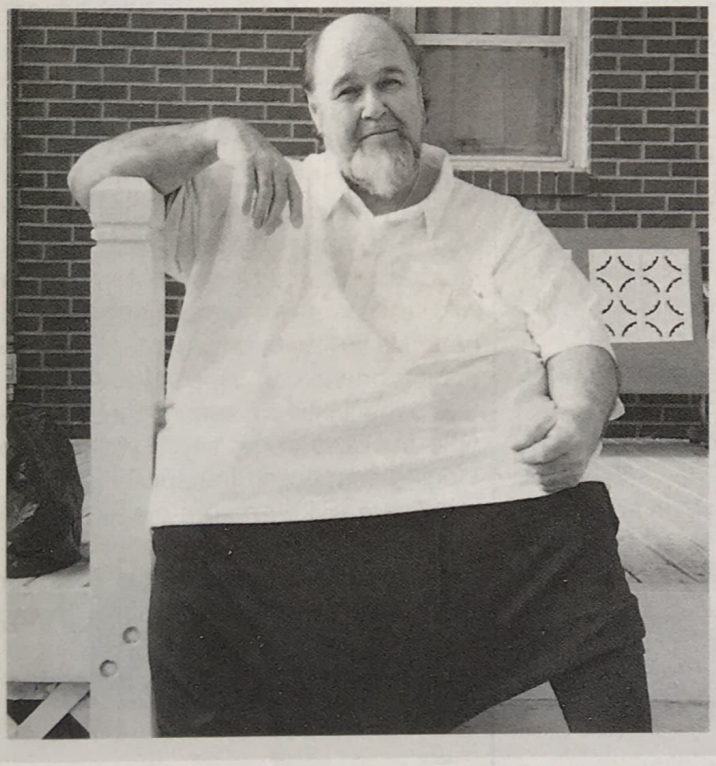
DAMIEN

NATURE BOY PHOTOMAN



THE MILKMAN MIKE DEVEAU





ULTIMATE DADDY **ZIG & TANGO** MIKE DEVEAU

BITS AND PIECES

THE 1998 LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

Do you know of a CR senior (or senior couple)who is deserving of our 1998 Lifetime Achievement Award at the San Diego Gathering? We will be taking reader nominations until the end of 1997 and will announce the honoree(s) in CR #83.

PRICE CHANGES

MAGAZINE: CR's cover price will go up to $7.95 effective with CR #82. North/South American subscriptions will go up to $48 per year effective January 1, 1998. Other than North and South America will go up to $62.

'98 GATHERING: Will-call "A" Package is established at $220. Will-call "B" package is $100. Will-call registrations will require a deposit. See details on page 51.

On-site "A" Package is established at $250. On-site "B" Package is $110.

Per-day or per-event passes will not be available.

SUBSCRIPTION PLANS REVISED

CR now offers a two-year subscription renewal package. For $80, you get a two-year (12 issues) subscription and a free personal ad (up to 50 words) running for two issues. Total value: $118! THIS OFFER IS GOOD UNTIL 12/31/97 ONLY.

The 3-issue subscription has been discontinued.

NEW VIP LEVELS

If you have a "V" in your subscription code and/or the word "VIP" on your gathering badge, it means that you are a customer who has spent $200 or more on CR products or services during the past five years. Those who have spent more than $1,000 are now noted as "V2", and those who've supported us with over $2,000 are at the level of "V3."

VIP customers receive special considerations from time to time, most notably at Gathering '98, where V3s and V2s will enjoy special reserved seating throughout the gathering.

THE SILVER FOX MAILING LIST

In CR #80, we erroneously listed the email message as

majordomo@casticom

It should read:

majordomo@casti.com

We regret this error.

GATHERING VOLUNTEERS

We are still looking for registration volunteers. Please contact us if you would like to help out for a couple of hours or so.

BYE BYE 80

We have already sold out of CR #80. We apologize to those who didn't have an apportunity to see it, especially those subscribers who were late in renewing. Since we are cutting back on back issue inventory, we suggest that readers keep their subscriptions current.

BEAR QUAY

This is the home page for gay men who find special interest in BEARS. It's fascinating. Check it out.

www.mcs.net/~dlhooker/quay.html

SW OHIO PRIME TIMERS

Mature Gay and Bi Men and admirers in the region are urged to contact the following for more information on the formation of this new chapter:

STRAC, 231 Hilltop Dr., Dayton, OH 45415 - Tel: (937) 836-1516

E-mail: **Tyger88555@aol.com**

NEW GROUP IN QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

Mature Age Men, or MAM, is a group of mature men and admirers who enjoy the company of each other. They boast a wide range of social events and functions and meet monthly at the Sportsman Hotel at 4:00 pm the last Saturday of each month. For more information, write to: MAM, P.O. Box 2011, Windsor 4030, Queensland, AUSTRALIA

DIGITAL FANTASY RELEASED

The much anticipated new video by JIKE MONSOON PRODUCTIONS was released on August 30th. Many are already saying that DIGITAL FANTASY - First Byte may displace Swan's MOJAVE as being the best mature men's erotic video of all time.

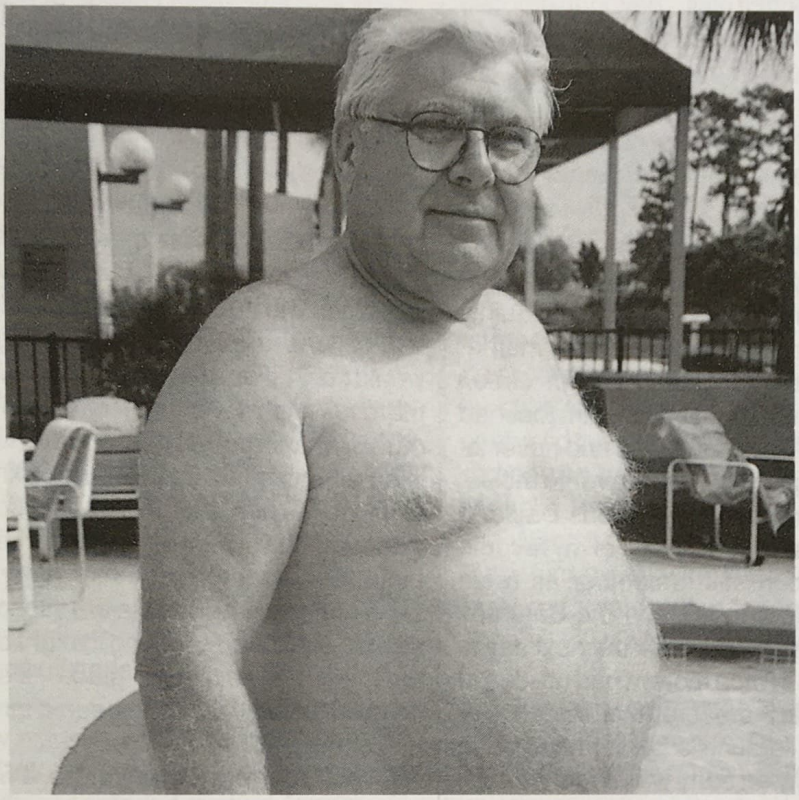
DOCUMENTARY SHOOT

The five-day/night motor tour and video shoot in Australia is near capacity. We presently have space for only a few more. Bear in mind that we will be visiting near-pristene areas and will probably encounter more kankaroos and koalas than tourists. Accommodations will be first class, but we will be far away from gay-cruisy areas. This option is ideal for adventurous blokes who love wildlife, nature, photography, etc. Those naturists willing to be videotaped in the nude (non-sexual) especially welcome. See page 45 for the surprisingly reasonable package price, which will include lodging, meals and transportation.

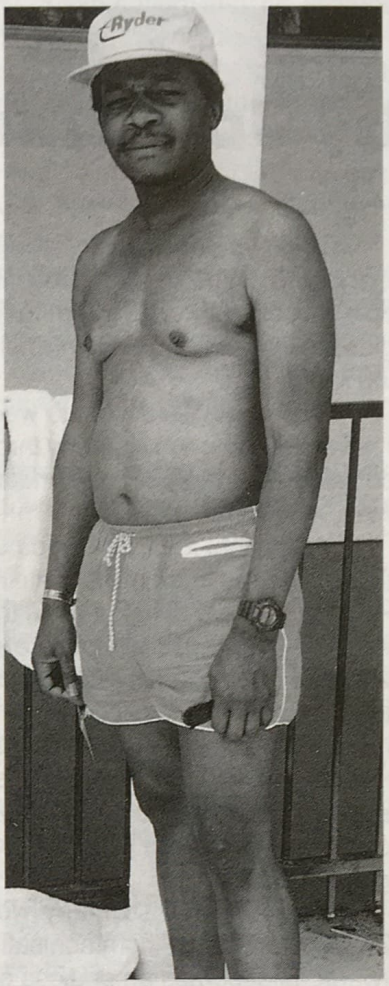
There will be no pre-planned tours in Fiji except for a loosely planned shooting visit to a deserted island by water taxi or yacht. Each will pay his own way; therefore, there is no limit on the number joining in. Call CRPI for more information.

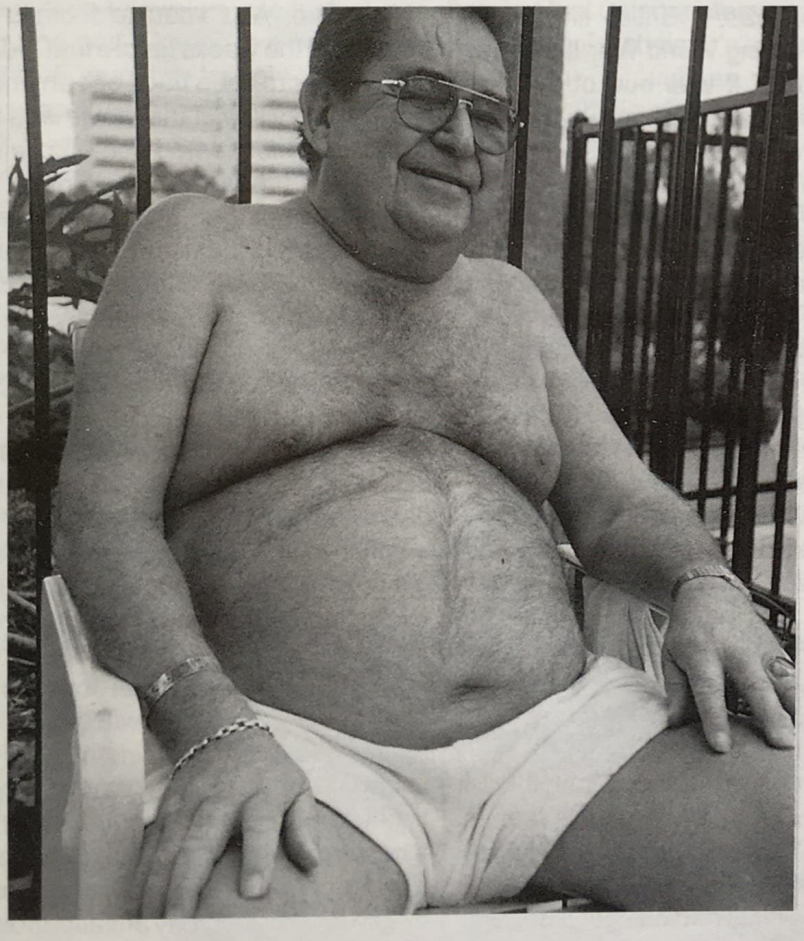
ARE YOU ONE OF THE ONES WHO NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO BUY MOJAVE? SEE PAGE 58!

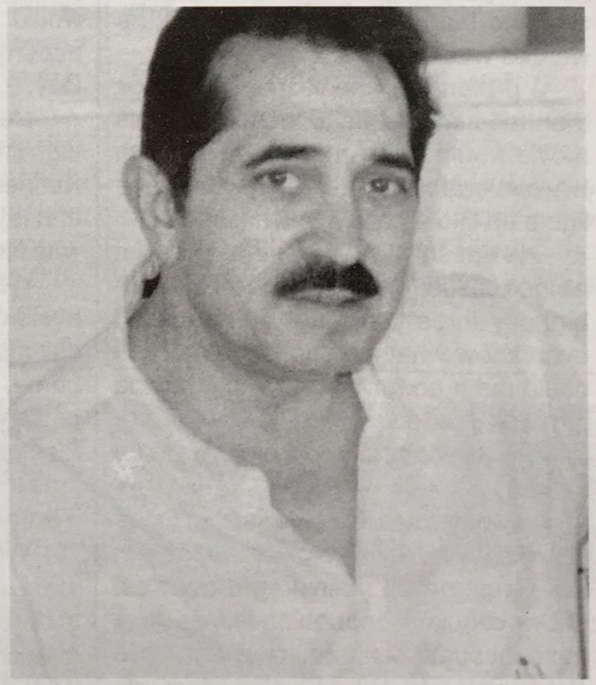
WARREN MIKE DEVEAU



TRUCKET MIKE DEVEAU







CLYDE MIKE DEVEAU

VALENTINO GLEN

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS

by Joe Stamps

"Could you check for me and see if that movie ... you know the one I like...I'd do it myself but I can't seem to find my glasses...see...is it on the television listing for tonight?"

I look at him and want to weep, but I never let it show. I clear my throat and smile reassuringly. "You mean, *The Man Who Never Was*?"

"Yeah, that's it." He nods several times. "It's the one...my favorite movie."

I didn't have to ask, I knew that was what he wanted; it's what he always wants. I only asked to remind him of the title. I find that I still need the sound of a human voice, even if it's only my own, so I never answer with a simple yes or no, but always add words to anything I say in order to extend our conversations together.

He's forgotten so many words already that verbal communication between us becomes an endless game of *Charades*. When I asked him what he wanted for dinner, it took over five minutes of guessing for me to finally comprehend that 'the winkley red stuff' he wanted was lasagna.

I pretend to check the TV listings then tell him that he is in luck, that his movie would be on later; when I tell him we can watch it after dinner his face lights up like a child's at Christmas.

He doesn't remember that I got him a video cassette of the movie for his 80th birthday three years ago. He doesn't even know what a video is anymore. I could put it on for him now, but having him wait till after dinner gives him something to think about and look forward to; to focus on.

Everyone has a favorite movie. Gone With the Wind, *Wizard of Oz, Singing in the Rain*, are all mainstream classics, shown regularly enough on television to have become as traditional as *It's a Wonderful Life* at Christmas. And you don't have to be gay to be ga-ga over *All About Eve*, *Brief Encounter*, or *Sunset Boulevard*.

It's easy enough to understand someone getting caught up by motion pictures, and there is always that quirky little film that sticks with us in our memories. Mine was *The Boy With Green Hair*. For some reason that film touched something in me as a child and never let go, although it wasn't my favorite movie.

Calamity Jane, with Doris Day and Howard Keel, held the title of my favorite movie. I can still remember as a kid sitting through it twice in the Saturday matinee, and going back the next day to sit through it twice more. I had no idea at the time that the 'secret love' that I felt for Doris Day in such a butch incarnation was actually an early warning sign that I was really gay.

His favorite movie was *The Man Who Never Was*, a British film about espionage during World War II starring Clifton Webb. It was one of the first things he told me about himself when we met; how much he had enjoyed the film. The movie was released in 1955, 10 years after he got out of the army. I would have been just about reaching puberty then and longing to be Doris Day.

He saw it without me back then. We didn't meet each other until a week after Kennedy got shot, the first Kennedy, that is. I had turned 21 in October, this was November; he was 48 in March.

When we first began living together, every once in a while he would slip and call me Ralph. That was his ex-lover's name. It was automatic, I knew he couldn't help it. They had lived together for more than seven years. It would take time to break old habits. I tried not to let it bother me.

We first saw the movie together in 1964, on a Clifton Webb double feature at the New Yorker on Broadway. He was pleased that the film had held up the way it had. I told him I had enjoyed seeing it, although I had preferred the romantic mystery of the other one; *Laura*, with Gene Tierney, was more my kind of film.

He saw it again on television several times over the years. Whenever it would pop up in the TV movie listing, even as late as one o'clock in the morning, he would stay up and watch it. I was always there to watch it with him, trying to figure out what it was about the film that he liked so much. I guess I'll never know.

I look at him now. He seems so lost in thought that it frightens me, but before I can reach out to touch him to try and bring him back, he breaks the silence by saying, "I just had a feeling it might be on tonight. I'm really so glad. It's my favorite movie. I haven't seen it since it first came out."

I don't correct him anymore, it would only get him agitated and upset if I told him that he saw it last night. And the night before. And a couple of times last week. And the weeks before that. I don't even bother to keep track of it anymore.

The story line of the movie was that British intelligence had come up with a plot to fool the Nazis into thinking the allies were going to invade Greece, in order to distract them from the real target which was Sicily. They got a corpse from a hospital morgue, dressed it in a military uniform and had a navy sub place it in the sea to wash up on shore in Nazi occupied territory. The corpse was supposed to be that of a military attache acting as a courier that had apparently been shot down while flying over the Mediterranean. There were papers on the corpse, military documents marked top secret with the disinformation in them.

The main thrust of the story is in the military intrigue, but what touches me now when we sit and watch it, is how they created a man from nothing; pocket change, some keys, a pair of theater ticket stubs, a sales slip for some shirts, a note from a bank about an overdraft, a love letter, and a snapshot of a fiancee. These simple everyday artifacts grouped together created a story of a man's life, a history.

It sickens me but I can't help thinking

about it. He doesn't know the difference between a quarter and a nickel anymore. He doesn't know which is which. I don't let him go out on his own, so it doesn't really matter that he has lost his keys. We haven't been to the theater in years. When *Les Miz* opened, it was the last show we attended. I wept. He was restless and fidgety, distracted and confused. He kept asking me questions about what was happening on stage, in a voice too loud, drawing unwanted attention from disturbed theatergoers. Now we stay at home and watch television.

I had to close out his checking account. He kept sending checks to anyone who asked for a contribution; Right to Life, Pro Choice, NRA, Gun Control, Save the Whales, Republicans, and Democrats.

I also had to stop his credit cards. From mail order catalogs, he kept ordering exquisite ladies silk scarves that he said would make lovely gifts for Grace. They would have too, I couldn't argue it, for they were beautiful scarves; if only we knew someone named Grace.

I'm grateful for the home shopping channel on television. He finds it mesmerizing and it keeps him occupied for hours. Fortunately he gets flustered on the telephone when they ask for information such as his address or credit card number, so he stopped calling in and trying to order stuff. Now I tell him to just write down what he wants and I'll take care of it for him.

At the end of the day he hands me his wish list. I look it over and we discuss it during dinner. When I ask him why he wants a certain item, his answer usually is as a gift for someone he has forgotten is dead. Still, it's nice to have something to talk about, even if he does forget by the next day that he ever wanted any of these things.

In the beginning we were constantly bickering. He would forget things and become annoyed...little things...like confusing names of actors. He'd say, Tom Conti for Tom Courtenay, and I'd find myself correcting him. Tom Courtenay was in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, and more recently in *The Dresser* with Albert Finney. Tom Conti was in the English mini-series *Glittering Prizes*, and *The Norman Conquests.*

Both actors are English and the names are similar enough to make it easy to mix them up, so I never really thought anything of it when he always confused the two; especially since I can't distinguish between Kim Basinger and Michelle Pfeiffer.

When he used to make a mistake I'd tease him about losing his memory...until I realized it was really happening; then of course I felt guilty for having joked about it.

I've read up on Alzheimer's disease. I hid the books from him. I don't want him frightened by reading something he can no longer really understand. Scientists who have studied the pathology have noted that unfortunately a confirmed diagnosis of Alzheimer's disease can only be made through an autopsy of the patient's brain after his death.

Our friends all sounded very sympathetic when they said they couldn't stand seeing what is happening to him, and they really meant it, too...they felt so uncomfortable around him, they found it best to stay away. I was upset at first, then angry, then inexplicably guilty.

His symptoms vary from day to day. He does have his good days when remissions appear as a welcome respite, and we have what seems to be a normal conversation; but these glimpses of his mind still functioning within only leaves me more confused and uncertain as he slips back from relative lucidity into non-sequiturs and garbled language.

Any conversation that he initiates with the words, "Remember when we use to..." is going to come out all right. He can recall the past with astonishing clarity. He can tell anecdotes about things that happened to him 40 years ago quite fluently without faltering or groping for a word or image.

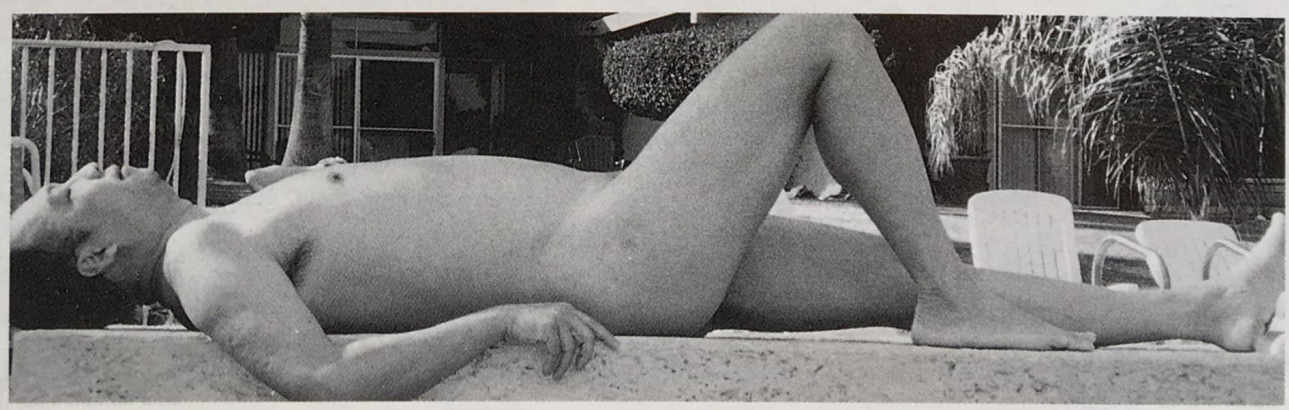
Unfortunately he is forgetting the present completely. He has taken to calling me Ralph again. That was his ex-lover's name, the one before me, from over 35 years ago. I answer to anything now.

I made him a bowl of popcorn. We settle down together to watch *The Man Who Never Was.* He takes so much pleasure in such simple things lately, that taking care of him almost seems to be getting easier now; all it takes is endless patience, warmth, positive cheer and reassurance. When the movie is over he turns to me and says, "That was..." He hesitates, groping for a word, momentarily lost, but then he smiles and nods. "That was just the way I remembered it."

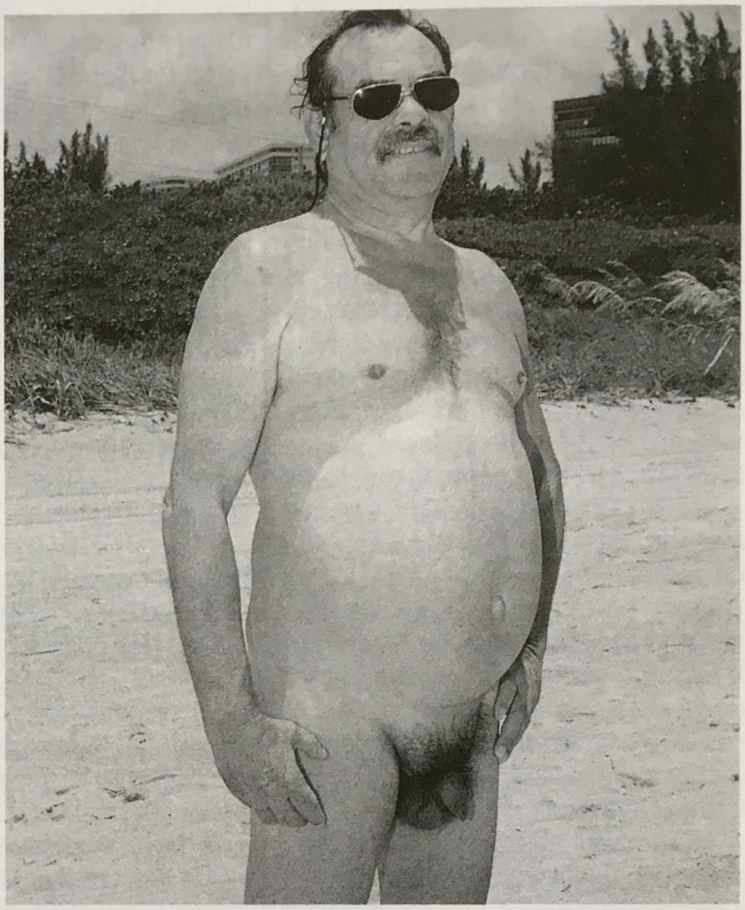
The question I find myself asking as I lie awake beside him at night, listening to his breathing...with him slipping away from me more and more each day and forgetting who I am...I can't help wondering, which one of us is really the man who never was?

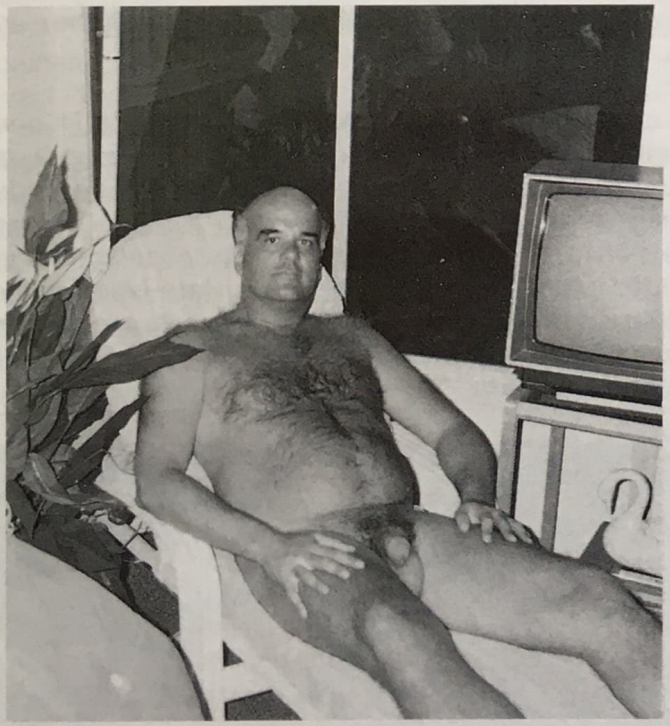
JOE STAMPS is 54, 5'-10", 195#, and lives in New York city in a long-term closed relationship with Mr. Peacock, 81, and four cats. He likes poking around flea markets for antiques and things. A literary late bloomer, he received a word processor for his 50th birthday.

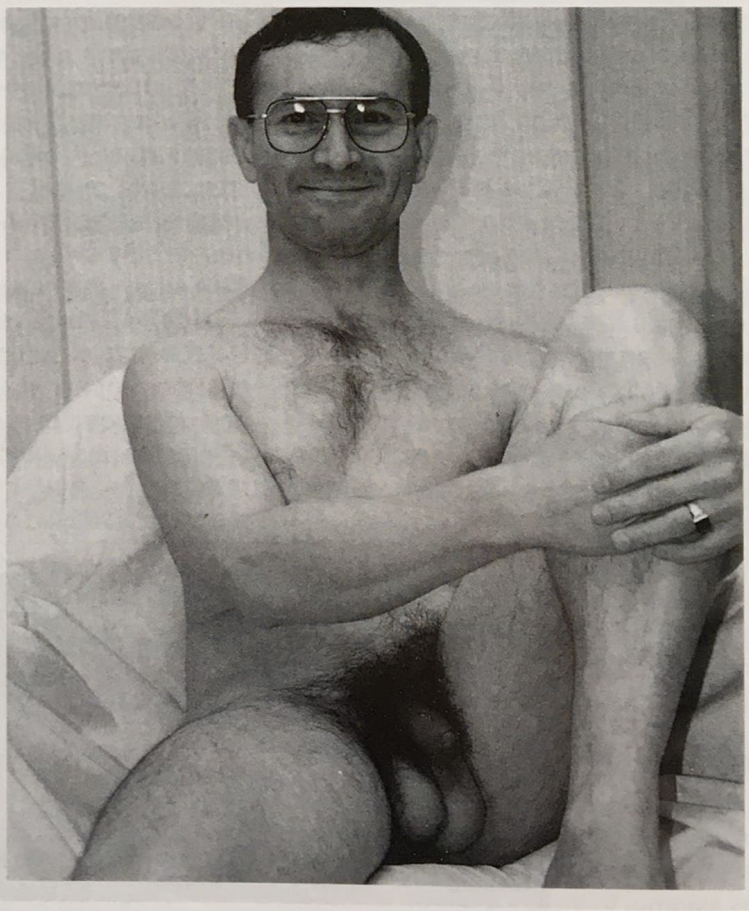
GODWIN

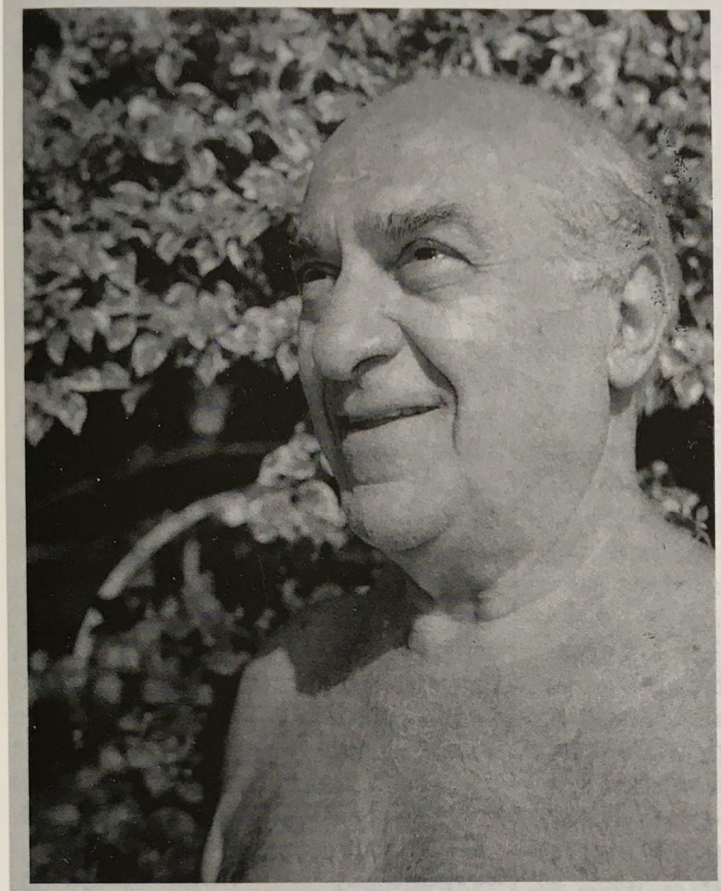


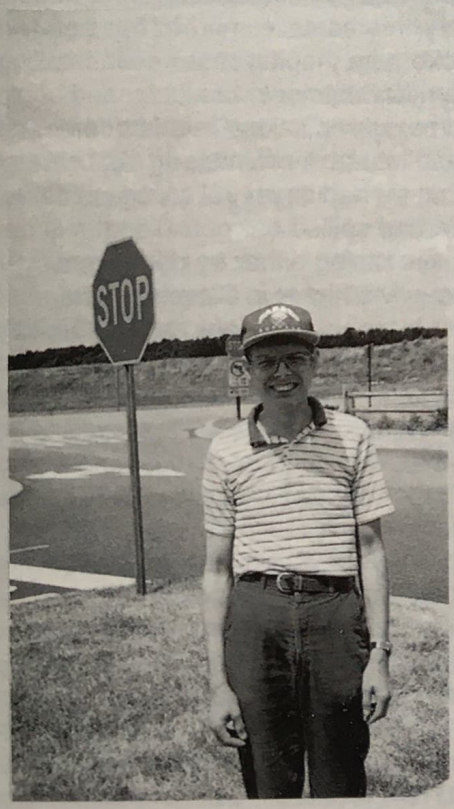
CHIPMONK

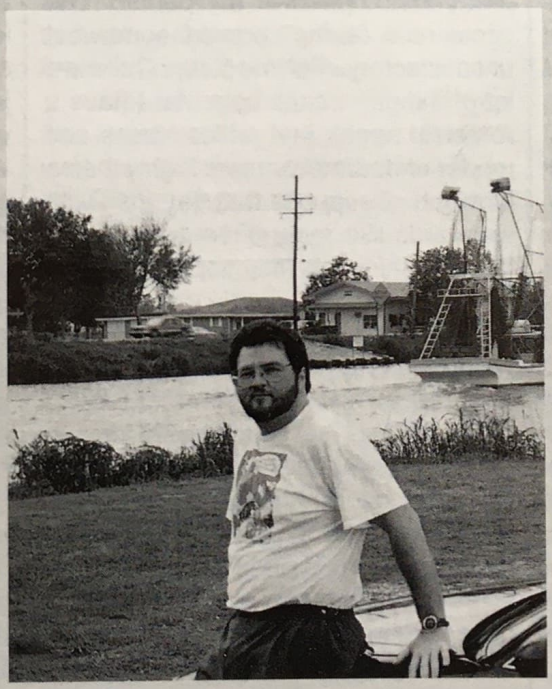


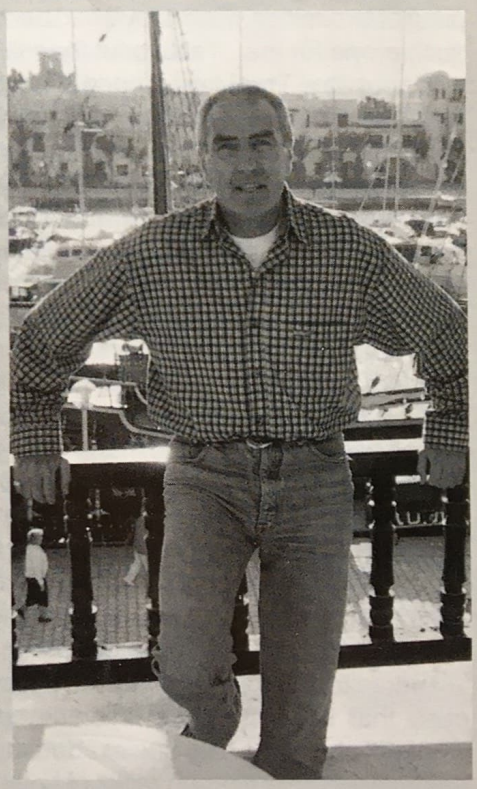












SLIM SON
RANGER BRUCE

MUSIC CUB
G.J.G.

U.K. BRIAN
FATHI

GUESS WHO'S COMING!

by Pug Snider

I received a phone call the other night. Knowing absolutely no one in New York, I picked up the phone pretty sure it was my little brother in need of an extra hundred or Sis reporting that Stu was beating her up again. Thank God it was neither. Late as it was and half asleep, I immediately recognized a pleasantly caressing Carolina accent far from the flat middlewest tones with which I grew up. This was a voice I hadn't heard in 10 years!

Holy honeysuckle and moonlight! That sweet Southern baritone and the hunk that went with it had never been completely erased from my memory. Some of the ones you've "had" you never quite forget. But burned indelibly are the special few who came oh so close and got away. The unattainable have a way of living inside you even though the relationship was an intensely close but cool, squeaky-clean, non-genital coupling of two minds. Tom Lloyd had been such a one for me. Talk about the man who got away! Tom Lloyd slipped through my fingers but hung around in the back of my mind.

As I have said, it was late. Not really, but I had had a full day and gratefully hit the hay at nine thirty after half-heartedly cruising the lobby, the hotel bar, and the dining room, not exactly looking for company but figuring I might as well taste the sexy flavor you find in any big Hilton in any big city. I would soon enough find myself back in Rock Island, hard at work trying to hammer out the rest of another gay detective novel. I was smart enough not to let my publishers $5,000 advance burn a hole in my pocket. I would head back home to Illinois and dutifully set my ass in front of my portable Hermes.

In spite of the rather tidy little success that brightened my middle-age, what with the name Pug Snider adorning hard covers on the porno racks of better bookstores, I still thought of myself as a struggling poet. My initial attempts at purple prose involved plots born of a wild imagination rather than my sadly limited personal experience in either back-alley or bedroom. I was fortunate in that early on one editor seemed charmed by my little confessions, printed and actually paid for them, kindly advising me to "write a bit hotter" and to, for heaven's sake, stop referring to "the male member" when there were so many appetizing ways to describe a nice dick.

I grew bolder. Heeding the handy household tip of one editor who became like my personal guru, I took to typing in the nude, fortified by a breakfast of raw oysters washed down with champagne. I began turning out little gems of filth and depravity which elicited fan mail from horny readers as far away as New Zealand and Helsinki. I got tens of nude Polaroids. Beautiful guys. All ages. All sizes. All colors.

Alas, my pen was mightier than my sword. My own dick, for which I had now coined many fanciful names, remained pretty well zipped in my pants. The occasional "airing" proved somewhat unsatisfactory. Call me picky. Call me a lot of things. I can't help that I have a romantic streak that prizes kisses and tender endearments more highly than a blow-job. I suppose that gay men with standards like mine often end up very lonely. I think this may apply especially to writers.

And now that I have explained just what kind of a case I am—a character very dull compared to some of the fictional males I have presented on paper—I take you back to the story behind the attractive Southerner whose unexpected call got me out of bed that night in New York. As often as I had fantasized about him those past 10 years, I never dreamed I would hear from him. Beautiful guys like Tom Lloyd, accidently crossing your path, can entertain and entrance without realizing the impact, perhaps taking your address and phone but soon losing the cocktail napkin or whatever and never giving the meeting another thought.

Wrong for once! Tom Lloyd was not just another slowly-fading face and tantalizing body in my gallery of lost opportunities, all of whom loomed sweeter and more desirable than any that had actually come within my grasp. Not that I am knocking the entanglements which came easily and resulted in a certain satisfying fulfillment. I am always baffled by the sheer force of a brief bonding, say like with a seatmate on a two-hour air trip or slightly longer encounter with an randomly-assigned roommate at a two- or three-day business convention in Cleveland, which ends unsullied but deeply touching. In such contacts, sexy yet completely sexless, there is a feeling of having penetrated and been penetrated, more powerful than many honest-to-God thoroughly played-out couplings.

So, when Tom reintroduced himself (as if such an introduction were necessary, his name etched in my heart), I woke fully, hoping that he was calling from downstairs in the lobby and could come right up, take off all his clothes and jump into bed with me and take care of what we had never got around to doing. We had spilled our guts—and only our guts, nothing either tender or messy—those two nights in Cleveland after routine business meetings and perfunctory drinking with a bunch of clowns. We had put each other to sleep, unraveling our life stories. It was all "mind stuff" even though the frequent glimpses of Tom's nicely muscled body was driving me crazy.

I have to report that neither Tom nor I come off as anything but "straight arrow" and I say this with a certain amount of pride. It was by the merest chance that our mutual orientation was revealed; he spotted my copy of CHIRON RISING and commented that, outside of COMPUTERWORLD, it was his favorite reading material. This was long before I got out of computers and into trying my hand at writing.

The ice was broken at that point but my hopes were dashed when my roommate boldly announced: "I met someone down in the bar. You might have noticed him. dead ringer for Paul Newman. Would you be offended if I brought him up here for about 20 minutes?" Needless to say, I was slightly miffed. At the same time I was excited. Indeed, I had glimpsed the Paul Newman lookalike but had not been clever enough to realize that the guy was a "member of the club." I swallowed my pride and said: "Mind if I watch?"

"Be my guest," and Tom flashed me one of his million-dollar smiles. "I do my best work in front of an audience." And this made me wonder just what kind of a show he and his Paul Newman would be putting on. There was no suggestion that I join the two of them, and frankly the few occasions on which I had been part of a threesome I had felt left out. However, the idea of seeing Tom Lloyd in action caused me to harden. Not the least of my excitement was the prospect of a guest appearance (albeit a sham) of my all-time favorite film star.

Tom pulled the drapes, switched the lamp to dim, and checked his watch. "He said he'd drop by at eight. I've just got time for a quick shave." This surprised me because I had seen him shave shortly before dinner just two hours ago. This second shave, I soon learned, involved only the pubic area. Fascinated, I watched him go at his groin area with his Remington, trimming away grey crotch hair and the silvery growth adorning his heavy-hanging ball sac. Personally, I thought it seemed a shame but he explained: "Guys seem to find my grey moustache very interesting but too many have been turned off when they see my dick hanging out of all that grey. Fortunately, my chest and belly hair hasn't lost the brown lustre of youth."

I did not agree with his theory, but a quick parade in front of the long mirror seemed to please him with the result of the procedure. I had to admit, the removal of the dense nest of grey did seem to make his already-big-enough cock stand out an extra inch or so and the nude, smooth balls seemed to have swelled considerably. Stepping into a pair of fresh white jockeys, he poured both of us a generous helping of the Jack Daniels he travelled with. I was still dressed in my shirt and slacks, and it was just as well because my cock was betraying its unnecessary readiness for a game in which it would be playing no part. I asked myself: "What am I? Chopped liver?" Yet wasn't I free to leave this little party and do some cruising on my own. Downstairs were several hundred men and the law of averages would promise at least six or eight possible partners. Dumb me! I chose to torture myself and endure the painful pleasure of witnessing my handsome, interesting, sweet, completely desirable roommate enjoying himself with some pickup who would probably shoot his load, leave Cleveland, maybe head home to a wife and kids, and never even remember a guy named Tom Lloyd. Had I been quicker on the draw might I not have been the one to bed down with this man I had sort of fastened onto the moment we had each received our keys for room 908. Perhaps too often I had let my mind rule my dick. I suppose I came off as an intellectual rather than a hot number. Yes, actually more than one partner had bluntly told me that he had me figured for a cold fish. They were very surprised, once we finally got together and away from all the soul-searching chats and long-winded conversations exploring the mysteries of how each of us came to make our way into the wonderful world where men could find men and be themselves.

I sipped my Jack Daniels, waiting for that knock on the door. Even though I was only the poor waif with his nose to the frosty window, I was the nervous one. Tom Lloyd was cool. My poor dick, uninvited, was ready and raring to go. Tom's big cock hung limp and at ease. He looked sexier than ever but put on his glasses and busied himself with Mr. Murchison's detailed report of the next morning's breakfast meeting. He made notations with his expensive pen, checked the flash cards he would be using at the meeting's little quiz show at which he would be master of ceremonies, and then put everything away into his briefcase just as the knock came.

Tom rose, very much the host, and drew our visitor into the room. No doubt about it, the guy could have fooled even Paul Newman's own mother. The same blue eyes. The same everything. Tom was decent enough to introduce me. After all, he was a Carolina gentleman. However, I tactfully withdrew to the desk where I occupied myself with addressing postcards I had no intention of mailing, just to be doing something other than stand drooling on the sidelines.

Paul Newman was no novice. Within seconds he was positioned on the big king-sized bed, tan, terrific and trim, all 185 pounds of him, expertly circumcised cock already extended and revelling in the lavish attention it was getting from Tom's capable hand, or hands, as the Newman prick was definitely a two-handed job. By this time cool Tom's casually dangling cock had dutifully risen to the occasion, and it was the first time I had ever seen it in its full glory. At no time during the past two days had I seen the thing really hard. My presence had inspired delightful conversation but no hard-on.

There was quite a bit of back-and-forth sucking. I did not detect any real dedication to the art. This little session of Taster's Choice, punctuated with nice compliments regarding each other's differences such as the surgical marvel of Blue Eyes' tightly-skinned shaft topped by its unencumbered fat knob as compared to the Southerner's uncut, slightly older but well-cared-for tool, stretched almost to its limit yet with the eager head still half-shrouded by a dusky fold of loose foreskin. Mysterious. Especially to me who, though no Jew, had had parents who went along with mutilation for health reasons. Plus, being seven at the time, my loss was traumatic.

All pretense of postcard writing dropped, I edged closer to the scene of the action. The two of them were too busy exploring to notice me. I was not counting the actual minutes of foreplay but it must have been about half what I personally like. In a flash, the young visitor was calling the shots. He had sucked my roommate's hooded weapon to a point where it was ready for battle. He quickly buried his face in the pillows, squirmed into an ass-up position, and spoke with authority: "Fuck that hole, mister! Shove that thing in! I'm good for the whole nine inches!"

Tom Lloyd, ever the soul of Southern hospitality, had by this time already lubed his thoroughly-primed cock and had neatly straddled the startlingly white, dimpled cheeks that framed the dark

waiting hole. Don't ask me why. I got up and left the room.

Riding down from the ninth floor, there was a couple in the elevator and they asked me what was wrong. I guess I was crying. Ignoring them, I got out and rushed through the lobby and walked three or four blocks.

When I slipped into a dark little bar, I ordered a Jack Daniels. Not because I particularly liked Jack Daniels but because it had become a little ritual with Tom and me. It had been a part of our strangely intimate nightly discussions. He in his king-size bed. Me in mine. A good six feet apart, separated by the hotel's executive-sized desk. I told him things about myself I had never told anyone else. He, in turn, had told me stuff I might never have suspected.

I played with my drink for what must have been 20 minutes. I tried to interest myself in the old Bette Davis movie which the very young bartender seemed to find so engrossing. During the commercial he set out fresh bowls of peanuts, scattered little napkins, and washed some glasses. When he returned to the small screen he faced me and complained: "I don't know if I can stand to watch this next part where she lets her husband die without his heart medicine!" And that was when I realized that he was wearing what had to be false eyelashes and just enough lipstick to emphasize a pouty little mouth and bad teeth.

I had stumbled into a gay bar. Not even when I'm feeling happy and horny do I ever choose a gay bar. I have always preferred to take my chances in a nice straight bar. Although I detected no limp wrists or lisps, the dozen or so other drinkers in this place were not conventioneers. At least none I recognized. I had been with COMPU-TEKNIK less than six months so, aside from my roomie, Lloyd, I had been very much alone from the very beginning.

I was wearing my orange and green name tag when a rather attractive older gent, just my type, came up to me. Pointing to his own orange and green tag, he introduced himself: "Jerry Barnes, Canadian division."

He could see that I was on the verge of leaving and he said: "This place doesn't ever get going til 10 o'clock. I know a better spot." And he grabbed my arm. "What do you say we try the one over on Euclid? It's wild!"

My feeling of utter dejection had by this time slightly lifted. I even sensed the beginning of a proper hard-on and a chance to bolster my deflated ego. Even Lloyd, who was certainly discriminating, would have to admit that this sixtyish Canadian was a pretty nice piece of change in any man's currency. Barnes was edging me toward a waiting taxi, but I decided to take the bull by the horns. "I know a better spot: room 908." And although it may have surprised him I could tell he liked the idea. On our way through the lobby we sailed past old Murchison who liked the thought of his boys turning in early rather than womanizing out on the town. "That's it, men." Special awards breakfast promptly at 7:00 a.m."

I'll admit I was horny. But nothing compared to Jerry Barnes who groped me all the way up in the elevator. The sensation was pleasant, but my main thoughts centered on my roomie and his imitation Butch Cassidy. If Lloyd had successfully completed what I had been unable to bear watching, I could see him falling into the role of the Sundance Kid, the two of them inseparable. That memorable movie which had been first to unashamedly reveal male bonding—Newman and Redford riding off into the sunset—had been hotter than any porno film I ever saw.

Would the two of them be sound asleep, entwined in each other's arms, or would they be cozily ensconced out on the balcony, sipping Jack Daniels and swapping the intimate details that are such a sweet part of the quiet "aftertime" following sex with a stranger? Either scene would be equally disturbing. It occurred to me that too many times in the past I had failed to boldly go after what I really wanted. When would I ever learn that too much good talking could spoil good fucking? Dumb me.

When I finally got the key to work, the Canadian and I found ourselves in complete darkness. By the time I turned on a lamp, my eager friend had already taken his pants off. He wore no underwear. The guy's cock was truly worthy of attention yet my focus was on the naked body of my roommate, all alone, sprawled across the wide expanse of tousled sheets, dead to the world. He was so beautiful I wanted to lie down and fit myself into the pattern of his gracefully-angled muscular back, that ripe butt, and those long hairy legs.

Instead, I found myself being expertly undressed by Jerry Barnes. In all fairness, I have to admit that I liked everything he did. Under different circumstances I might have responded with great fervor. As it was, one eye still on the sleeping beauty in the other bed, I merely submitted to the intricate maneuverings which eventually landed us in a mutually satisfactory routine sixty-nine position. My usual tendency to engage in small talk was stymied by Jerry's insistent cock forcing itself into my mouth. His own mouth was engaged with my cock in an efficient manner such as it had not enjoyed in a long, long time.

I was the first to explode. Call me selfish, but I left off further work on my partner's ever-increasing and actually uncomfortable big sausage, disengaged myself, sat up, and glanced over to see if Lloyd had slept through my whole performance. A gentle snore told me that my little show had gone unattended. Damn!

My Canadian, abandoned cock in hand, looked not quite as dapper as I had remembered him. The handsome features seemed shrunken. This was explained by the sight of dentures resting atop the mahogany desk. In spite of a really splendid build and full head of hair, without his teeth I was struck by the pitiful frailty that is a part of advancing years. This man with the rugged physique was cursed with the face of a wizened little baby. He must have sensed my distaste because he quickly inserted the wonder-working equipment. His youthful appearance restored, his smile as confident as ever, he reached for my hand. Placing it on his cock which, though neglected, stood straight up begging for attention. "Mind getting me off?"

I obliged. I am not completely without compassion. Here I was, a very nice cock in my hand - actually a superior example of just the type of male endowment I most admire - uncut and attached to an impressively large pair of balls. But I felt not the slightest affection. It was all sort of clinical. I appreciated the elasticity of the fleshy sheath encasing the firm shaft. I will confess I was entranced by the way in which the satin-smooth knob could disappear and reappear between

the upstroke and the downstroke of my hand as it gripped the ample velvet hood. Let us just say it was very interesting. But the process seemed to take forever. Finally I got him off. It was a real gusher. The guy's hairy belly was soaked with white cream.

I figured he would want a shower, but he settled for a quick toweling. In seconds he was into his clothes and out of the room. He did mention something about "if you're ever in Toronto," but there was no exchange of addresses.

Next morning I woke and found Lloyd dressed and ready for the special awards breakfast. I had to know so I asked: "What happened to Paul Newman?" Imagine my delight and surprise when Lloyd informed me: "Who knows? And frankly, he was one I hope I never see again!"

The words were music to my ears. And he went on: "He was all for staying the night but honestly, I don't think I could have put up with ten minutes more of his bullshit. What a pain in the ass. My ass, not his, and no pun intended. A real bore of the first water. And how was your evening?"

I gave him a play-by-play account. I explained that I had foolishly let myself get picked up. That I had ended up with something less than a prince charming. Lloyd really surprised me when he commented: "He had quite a wang on him, didn't he?"

"Then you weren't asleep? You mean you witnessed that shabby bit of business concocted solely to show I didn't give a damn about you and your prize hunt?"

"I was just playing possum," he confessed. "Glad I saw what I saw. To tell the truth, it wasn't any shabbier than what you saw before you dashed out of the room like a poor wounded critter!

With his accustomed thoughtfulness, Lloyd advised me to wear the plain tie instead of the paisley I had grabbed. The two of us went down to breakfast and sat through an hour and a half of company crap. It was for me, at the time, more than just crap when the official announcement was made by Murchison: "Our highly-qualified and probably best-loved member of the team, Thomas J. Lloyd of the Raleigh division, is hereby moved up to our hottest interest, the Tokyo headquarters."

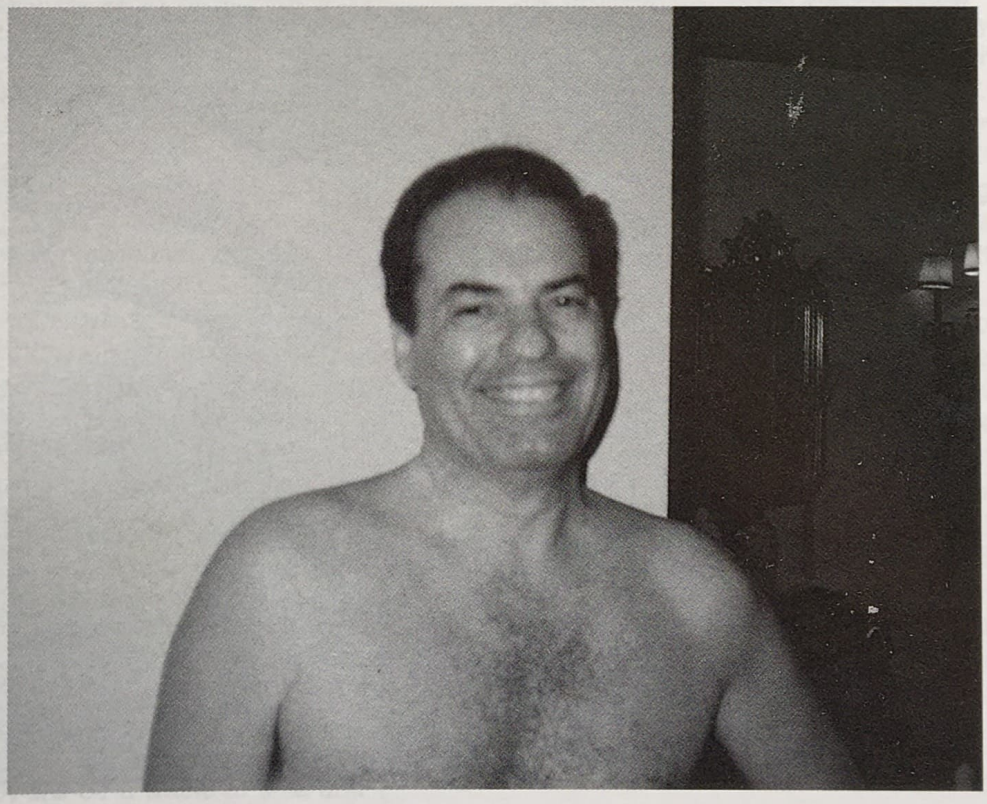
I was happy for him. He deserved the job. But I was pretty certain I would never see him again. COMPU-TEKNIK would be no fun without him. In fact, the week after Lloyd's departure, I quit the firm, and that's when I began writing.

All that was 10 years ago. Ten fucking years. Which brings us up to the present when Lloyd saw my picture in the paper and the big review of my latest novel. Yes, he was downstairs in the lobby, and when I opened the door to greet him I could tell by the huge smile on his face that he was "ready." So was I. And this time we settled down to some serious physical business and didn't bother with all the "mind stuff" and the chit-chat till much, much later the next day. Moral: Talking too much can be dangerous to your love life. For writers, especially, this tendency can be fatal.

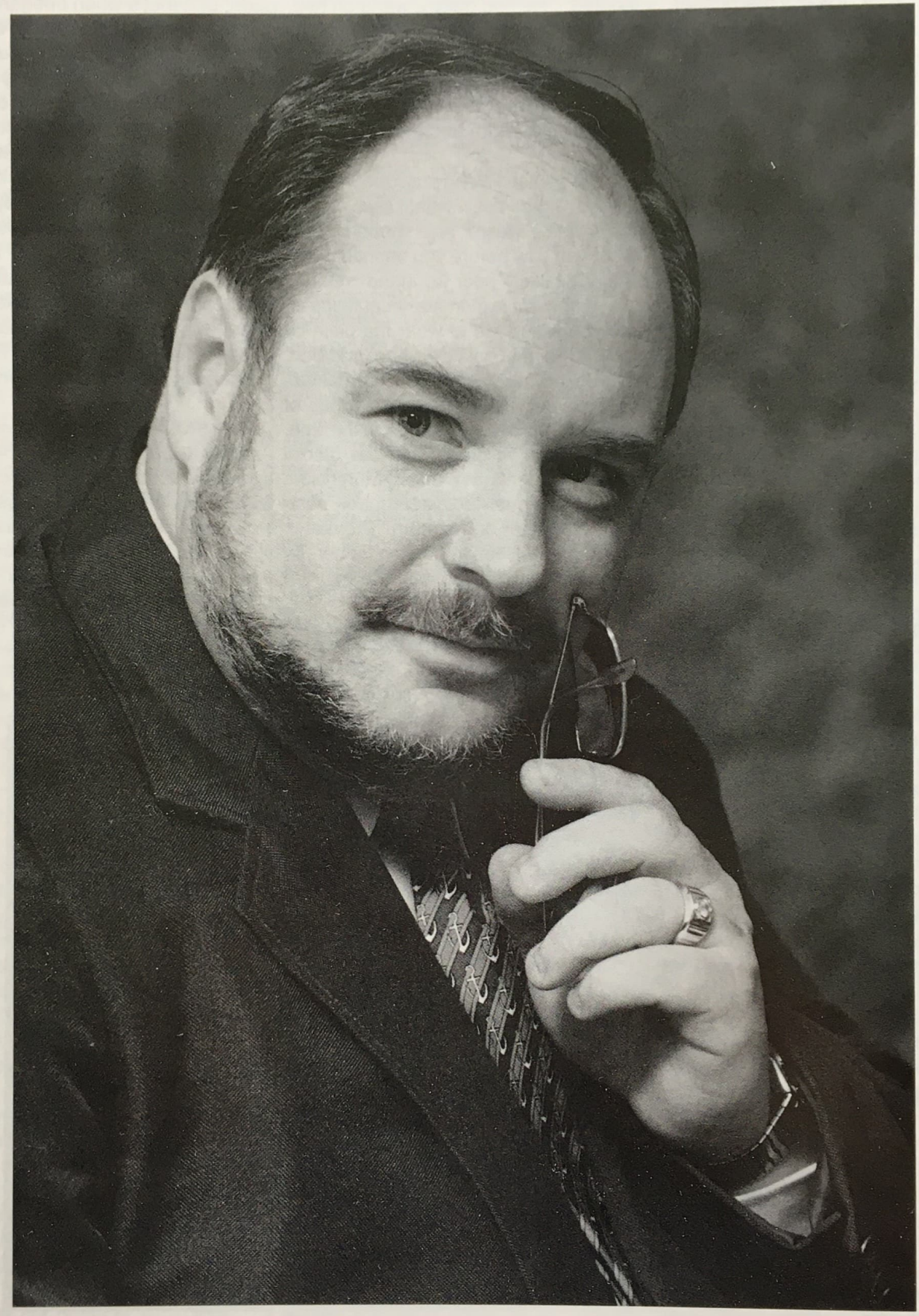
PUG SNIDER's first published work appeared in the June, 1934, issue of Esquire when he was twenty. "Too busy having fun," he says, "I wrote no more fiction until I was seventy-five. Had there been a Chiron Rising, however, he assures us, "I would have written like a madman."

SCORP 721

DWIGHT



MONTREAL PANDA



BABY BEAR II

VIDEOS WITH EXOCET

TWO MASTERPIECES ... ONE NEW, ONE RESURRECTED

A DIGITAL FANTASY - 1ST BYTE
JIKE MONSOON PRODUCTIONS
$68.95 plus s & h

My previous review of this title was based on a special review copy released just before the producer encountered some serious contractual delays. Being a consummate artist—and perhaps a bit of a perfectionist as well—he worked at solving the business snags while improving his production. Consequently we now have a genuine masterpiece, and I get another crack at a review.

It wouldn't be that irresponsible of me to merely say, "Read my previous review in CR 78 and quadruple the kudos," but I really should defend my reasons for all this gushing.

The first reason: CR model, B.K, who replaced the original choice for the role. He plays the part of the delivery man and makes my hunk UPS man look like Elmer Fudd in comparison. Even the great REBEL II isn't as awesome when he's trading spit and butt slaps with the delicious-looking B.K. Twenty positions and a sweet eruption later, the drained delivery man departs and disappears into thin air. Plot thickens.

Thickens, hell! Plot takes a turn into the Twilight Zone. REBEL II's character gleefully begins putting together parts to a strange, interactive satellite video system. Even if I were cruel enough to give the next scene away, I truly doubt anyone could comprehend what I was talking about. It has to be seen to be believed. Only in the warped mind of JIKE MONSOON.

REBEL II settles in to an afternoon of surfing from one porn channel to another, giving us a huge dose of virgin footage starring the likes of ROB DADEO, NICK & AL, CHUCKEE & DANDEE, SYRINX, THE FRIAR, BEER CAN THICK, and FRENCHIE. The cameo footage alone is worth the price of the video! Next, REBEL II does a combination couch potato/virtual Zeus routine with his handy remote and has his cyberway with HARLAN CHRISTIANSON, a magnificent specimen with gorilla fur, gigantic balls, and enough rolling foreskin to suffocate an average-sized ectomorph.

Ninety heart-pounding, exhausting minutes later, REBEL SEGUNDO drags himself into the shower, leaving us to wonder just how this thing will end. Well it doesn't! Next thing we know, the screen says, "To Be Continued," and we are treated to highlights of *A DIGITAL FANTASY - 2ND BYTE*, starring MARC MANN. Expected release date: Spring, 1998.

Meanwhile, FIRST BYTE is on the market now, so get out your check books and refer to the ad in this issue. Oh, and for those of you who prefer to wait for a friend to make a copy or hang around your local video store for a pirated copy, so sorry. Thanks to the miracle of electronic anti-copying chips, making someone a copy will be a waste of time and could even damage your VCR. And people wonder why videos cost so much.

MOJAVE
THE GALLERY
SWAN SONGS
SWAN PRODUCTIONS

Swan Productions has not done a Phoenix routine, but something that Swan did awhile back has reappeared to make a lot of day-late-and-dollar-short guys pretty happy. CRPI got its hands on a couple of boxes of mint-condition copies of *MOJAVE, THE GALLERY* and *SWAN SONGS* which had been stored in an air conditioned vault for over two years. In light of the fact that they have received hundreds of letters from men begging for copies of Swan videos, CRPI has decided to sell them, first come, first served, and only to established customers.

Most regular readers of CR have probably heard of the Swan videos, especially *MOJAVE*, which has attained cult status, and which many adult video aficionados truly believe is the best intergenerational gay video of all time. The late HERMAN THE GERMAN and young ZEEK were very much in love at the time the video was shot and needed no direction. The sound track is lushly romantic and was composed for the video by MARSHAL, a famous composer/performer known under a different name. Because of its cult status and demand, the video will be sold for $75, which includes shipping, handling, and sales tax. Only 85 copies are available.

THE GALLERY is sort of a dark fantasy. The lead character, played by SYRINX, is lured to an exhibition of RAM artwork in the middle of the Mojave Desert, and the steamy images have a strange effect over him. The video also stars NICK & AL, MOONDOG and DADDY THICKDICK. THE GALLERY has one of the most ejaculatory endings ever conceived. The thing I like the most about this video is the music: an eclectic mix of generic classical music that actually moves the story. Thirty copies available.

SWAN SONGS never had a chance, because it was pulled off the market when Swan went under. It stars FRENCHY, BRIAN STONE, MARCO and POLO, and features some of the best photography of any of the Swan videos. Many who did get to see this video say that it is one of the best romantic videos about intergenerational big men. About thirty copies available, some in PAL.

So what's on the horizon? JIKE MONSOON looks like he's here to stay, and judging from the quality of the *DIGITAL FANTASY* series, we're all in for a good time. If you've been waiting for quality video to arrive before you start spending serious bucks, now's the time to do it. The above four videos are a great start at a classy video library.

EXOCET is a retired navy captain who lives in Newport Beach.

APOLLO NETWORK

http://www.apollonetwork.com

a place in cyberspace for "seasoned" men and those who love and appreciate them!

Who is an Apollo Man?

Apollo Man, as opposed to men of other life styles, is impossible to define in one word. He is first and foremost a man who likes manly men. He is success oriented. He does not waste time on trendy living. Bars are not his weakness. He is more likely to program computers than arrange flowers. His theater of operation is more often a hospital than the state. He would not be caught dead in drag or date someone in a dress, male or female. Bottom line: he likes other masculine men—the company of other men, the merriment of other men, the jokes of other men, the work of other men, even the smell of other men, and, of course, the bed of other men.

Apollo Man does not mind breaking with the traditions of the group that society has cast him in. He delights in breaking the rules—even those from within his own group. He is, first, last, and always, his own man. But he is also a man who wants and realizes the advantages of bonding with another man who shares his dreams.

Apollo Man enjoys most the company of men who have honor and respect for the natural process of growing old. He knows that only in growing old is there growth of maturity and inner beauty in himself. This alone sets him apart from both heterosexual and homosexual society which worship youth and fear old age.

The process that gave us life also slowly takes it back, and it is done so in an orderly and reasonable fashion. Those men who appreciate and flow with the work of nature are naturally inclined to love men of all ages and appreciate men for whatever life stage (age) they are in. Apollo Men do not fear or despise growing old. Rather, they honor age as a sign of distinction. Consequently, Apollo Men are often attracted to each other across the traditional age barriers. Older men and younger men join in union, each helping and supplying the other with the gifts that each uniquely holds.

The name we chose, "Apollo,"is the name of the sun, the star of our solar system, the supreme male symbol, and the giver of life for us all. We came from the sun, and one day the sun will reach out and pull us back into its massive body.

Who is an Apollo Man? If what is said above describes how you feel about life and men, then YOU are an Apollo Man. Come join us as we explore ourselves on the Men of Apollo Network.

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http://www.ApolloNetwork.com/chiron/

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TASMANIA, ISLAND OF THE DEVILS
by Outback Jack

Travel

Tasmania is famous for its spectacular beauty, its grand wilderness of the World Heritage areas, a fascinating history, and its range of delicious food products. It's more world renown, however, for the small fierce marsupial, the "Tasmanian Devil," characterized in the cartoons. Known as the Apple Isle to mainland OZ, its seasons differ dramatically because of its southern location.

Spent the month of March (fall season) touring Tassie, opting to take my car so as not to have a schedule to meet, plus I had an itinerary that regular tourists would die for! Through a gay club called Country Network, I had corresponded with half a dozen members scattered around the Island, some living off the beaten track, all of whom were wonderful hosts.

Quite a large car ferry - the Spirit of Tasmania - travels Melbourne to Devonport three times a week. This was a "maiden voyage" for me, so very excited about my first experience CRUISING the Tasman Sea and the prospects of being entertained at the captain's cocktail party. That was all a dream as a mate working on the ferry said the cruising was spasmodic, the Captain was an OCKER, and to just mingle with the passengers and trust your instincts. OH DEAR!! There's plenty of entertainment on board, plenty of stairs to scramble up and down, plenty of husbands to perve on. After docking at Devonport in the mid north of the Apple Isle, I spent a few days acclimatizing to the chill of March. Tassie doesn't experience the hot summer season of the mainland; being only a hop, step, and jump from the South Pole, the days varied around the 70 degrees F mark.

Homosexual laws in Tassie are still being flung about in Parliament; changes are coming thanks to years of hard slugging by the Island's gay community. Don't despair, there's plenty of cock on the Island and the pooftas are in abundance—just a matter of finding them!

At Launceston a mate alerted me of two "hot spots" for pooftas (strictly gay tourists only). One was a very cruisy tearoom (bog) located a little out of town in a park by the river. Who said the gays don't come out to play? The other was the rock pool up the far end of Cataract Gorge, a beaut distraction from the tourists, some nudity too.

Continued on to the east coast and found the beautiful beaches beckoning for hot days as they were deserted. St. Helens has a nude beach which I walked naked and alone. The chilly winds off the icy waters would be unkind to brass monkeys. Coles Bay had magnificent

scenery, but accessible only by hiking the mountain trails, exhausting work if not fit. Ventured inland through the farming area for a change of scenery, ending up at the historic town of Richmond, an English village in OZ. Just 30 kilometers from Hobart, it's a wonderful place for a day's outing. I stayed four.

Hobart is the capital city nestled around a beautiful harbour at the foot of Mt. Wellington. On a clear day, the views from the top are forever spectacular. About 20 kilometers from the city is a wonderful nude beach called Seven Mile Beach; and as you nude beach blokes know, there's always an abundance of cruising in the sand hills. No exception here either, as the sand hills are HOT! Hobart has a few gay pub/bar facilities which I was told are enjoyable.

Whilst in the Hobart area, a couple of days warmed up to 75 degrees F. That signalled beach weather and off to Seven Mile Beach to mingle with the Islanders. Didn't spend much time on the towel. I ran those sand hills naked, seeking more than just a suntan!

Also, Hobart's Domain Park hosts a very naughty bog, which can be a distraction from the beautiful harbour views; the blokes in the bushes aren't park rangers.

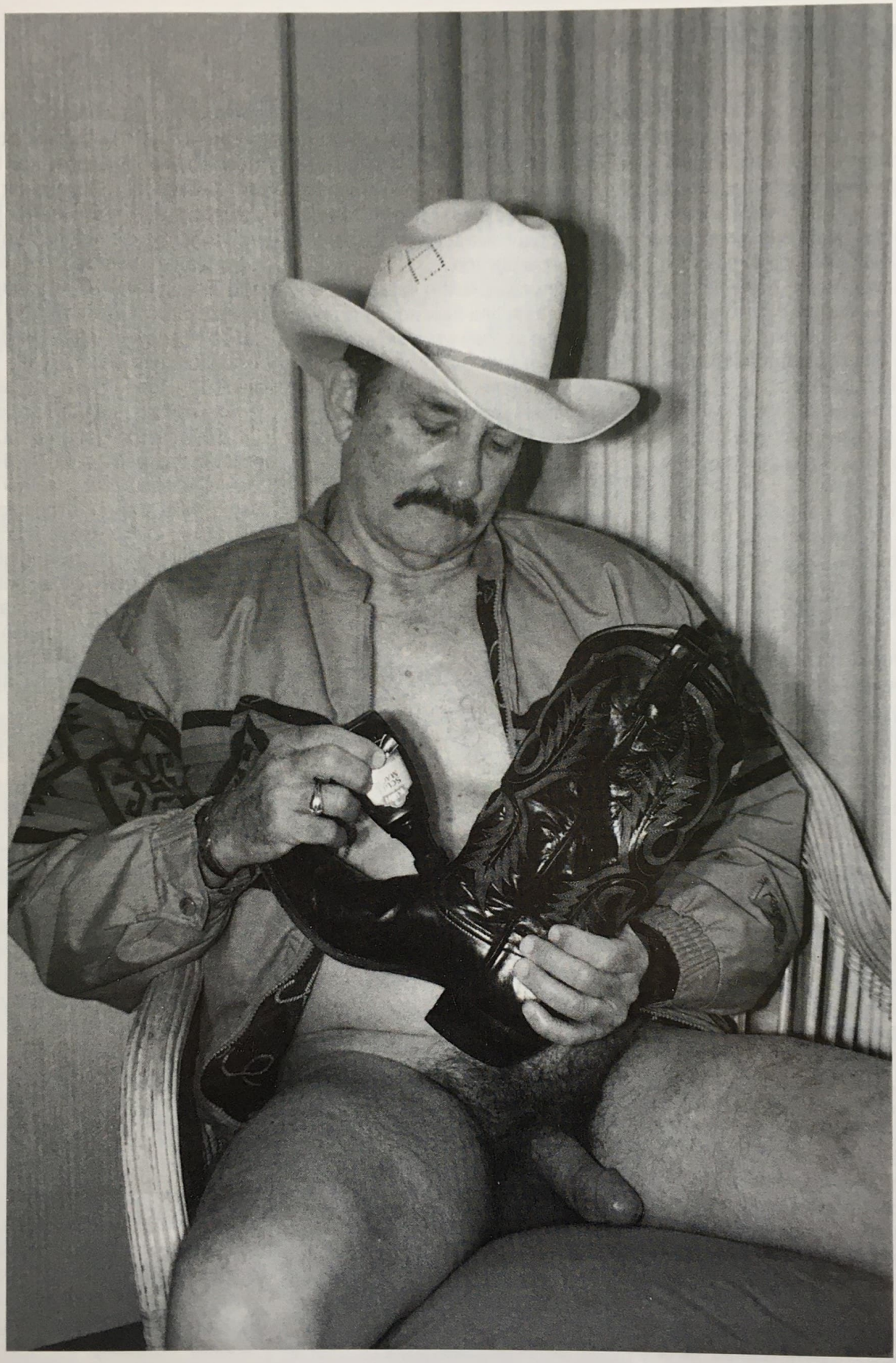
The highway to the west coast winds through valleys over mountains, past picturesque lakes with lots of spectacular hiking trails in the national parks for adventurous nature lovers.

The Apple Isle isn't a "Gay Getaway" from the mainland. Beside the chance of scoring a poofta, the wonderful scenery all around the Island is a bonus and will keep your camera HOT.

Tassie sure ain't HELL but the DEVIL thrives on the Island; it's not your everyday cute cuddly animal and best viewed at a wildlife sanctuary.

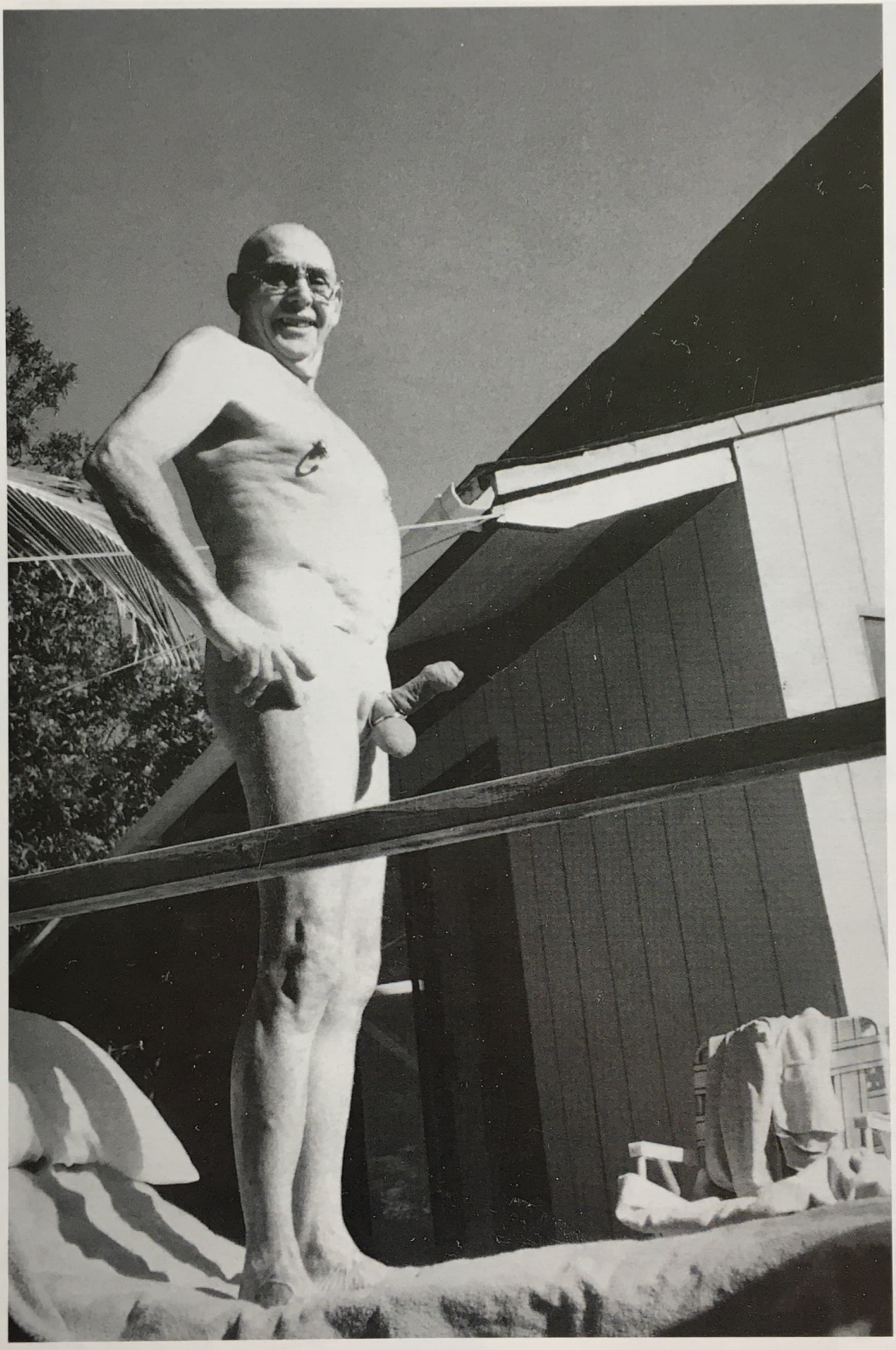
Tour Tassie in the summer unless you thrive on the chill of winter and are immune to frost bite. I LOVED TASSIE!

OUTBACK JACK is 52, 5'-10", 190#, single, and hot. He lives in South Australia, but he obviously travels around a lot. He likes nude beaches, outdoors, sports, oil painting. He's looking for over 50, chubby big men, sincere, outgoing.



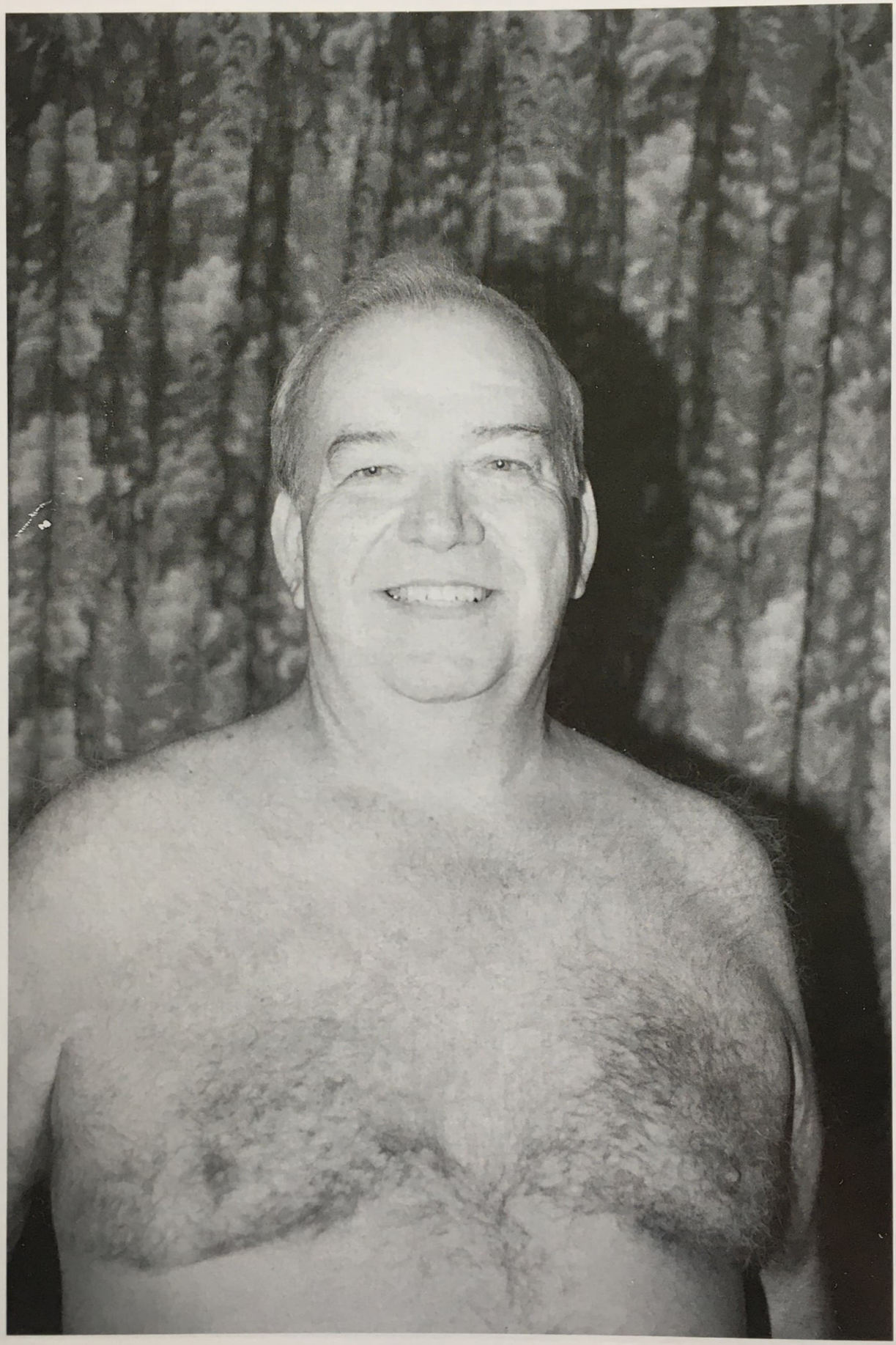
JOEL

TONY



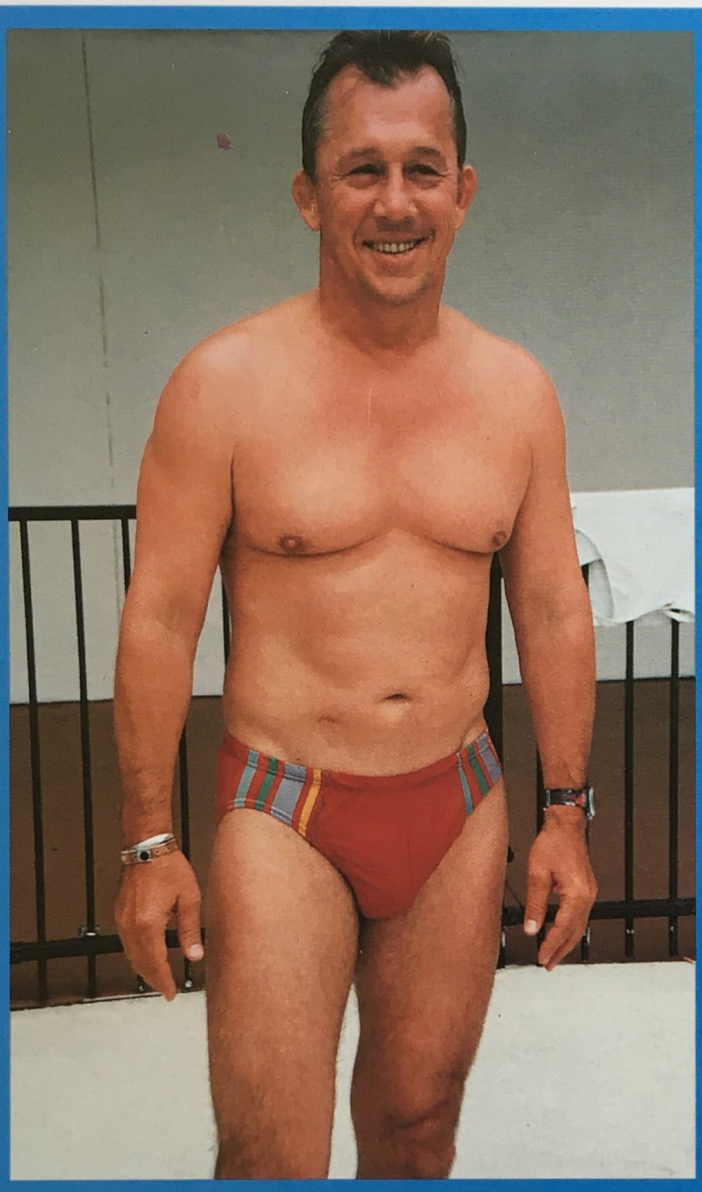
P.K.

PATRICK

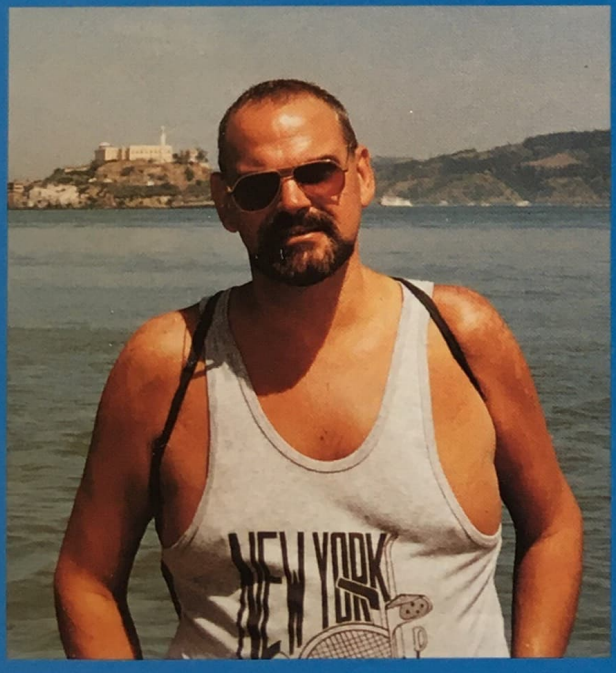


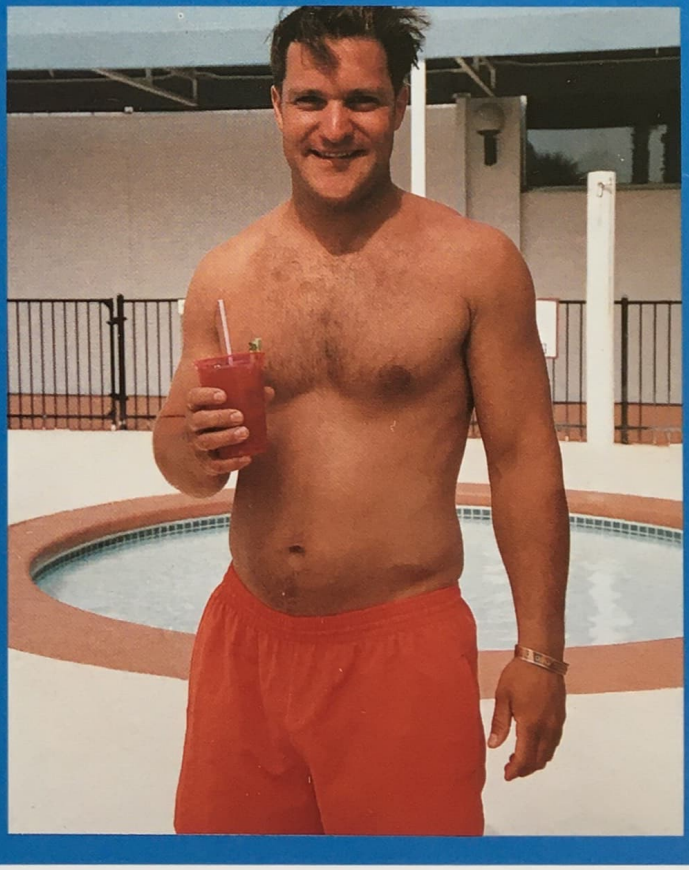
PHOTOMAN

WALTER OF MUNICH MIKE DEVEAU



TITO J.D.

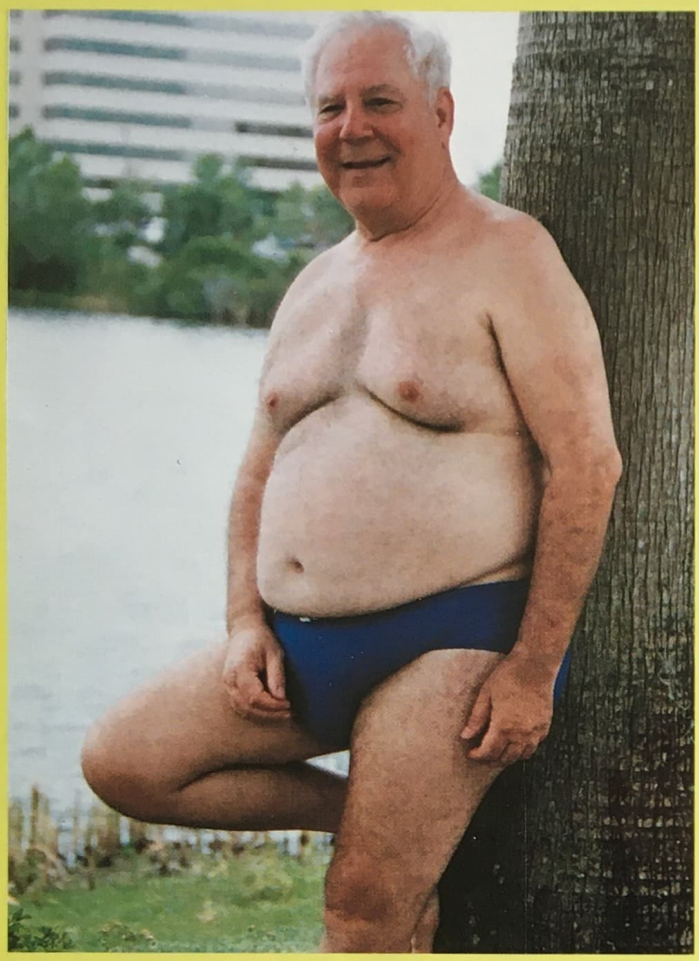




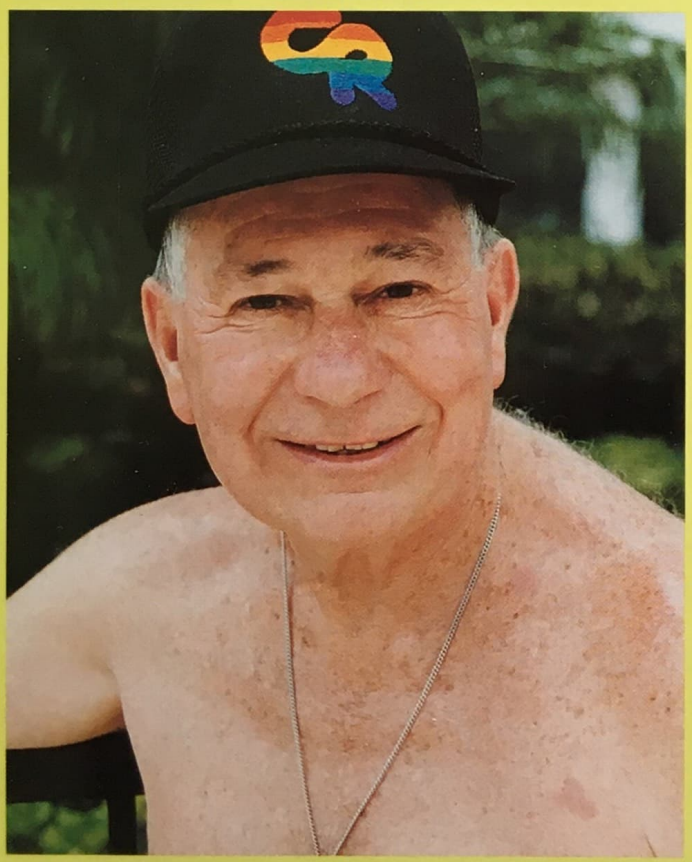
SYDNEY MIKE

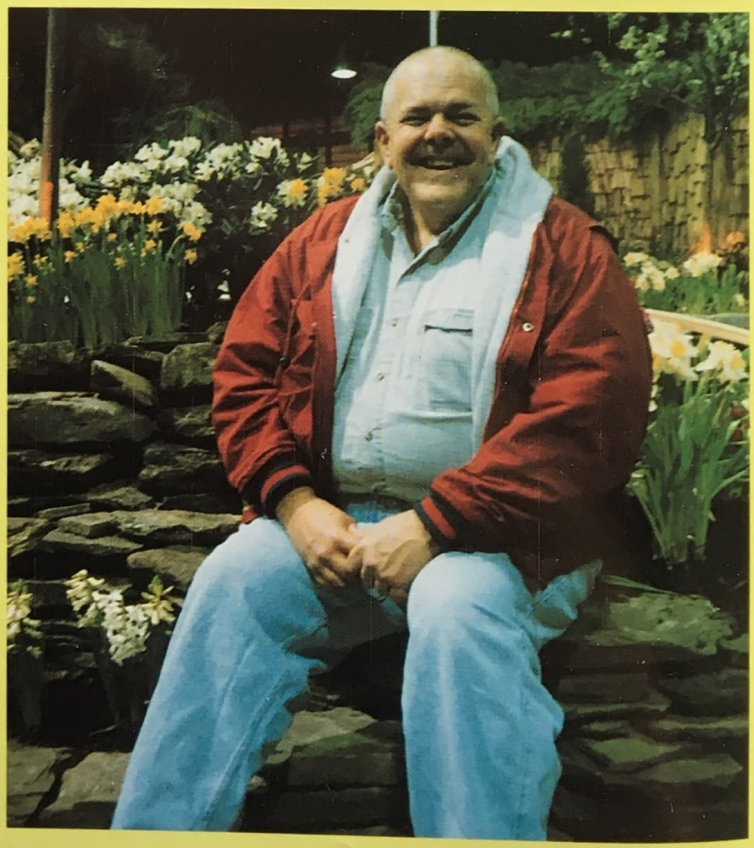
CHAUNCY MIKE DEVEAU

HOT CREOLE MIKE DEVEAU



JERRY EM MIKE DEVEAU

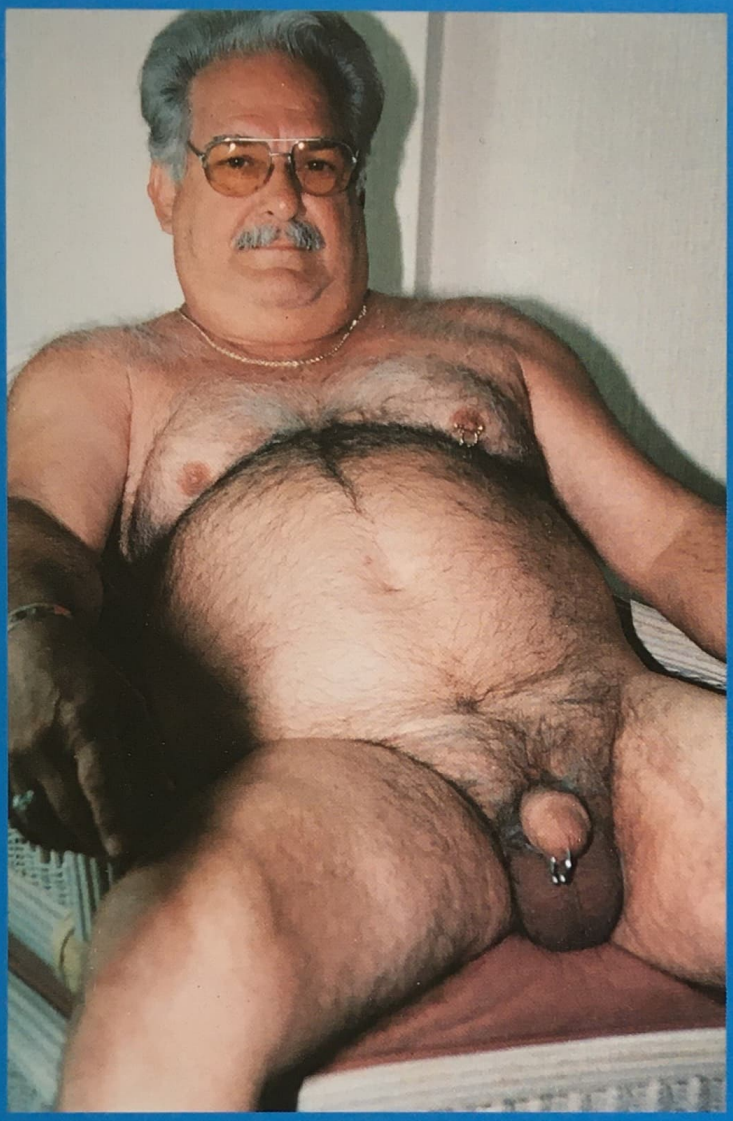




MAURICIO PHOTOMAN

IAMAJIM

HOWER MIKE DEVEAU



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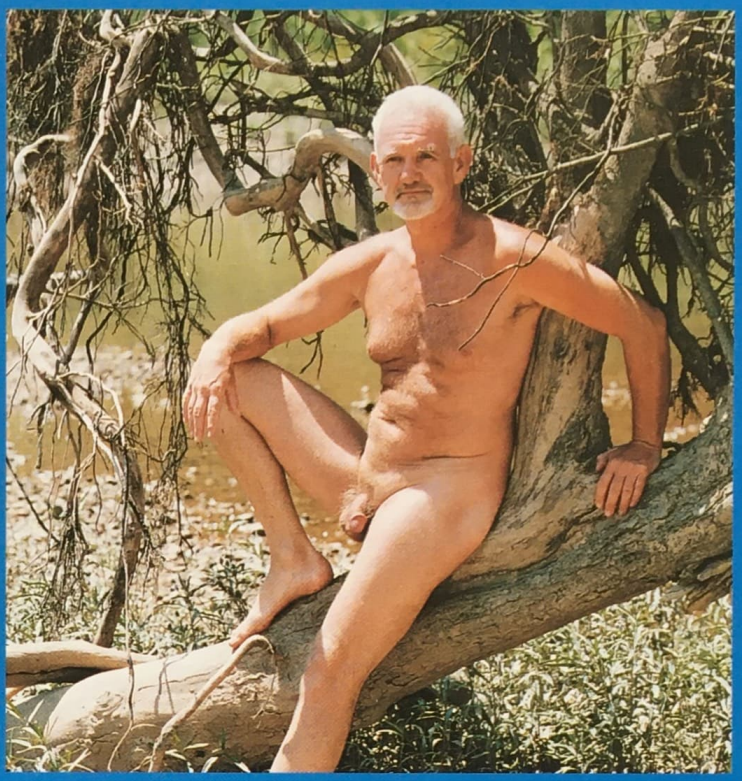
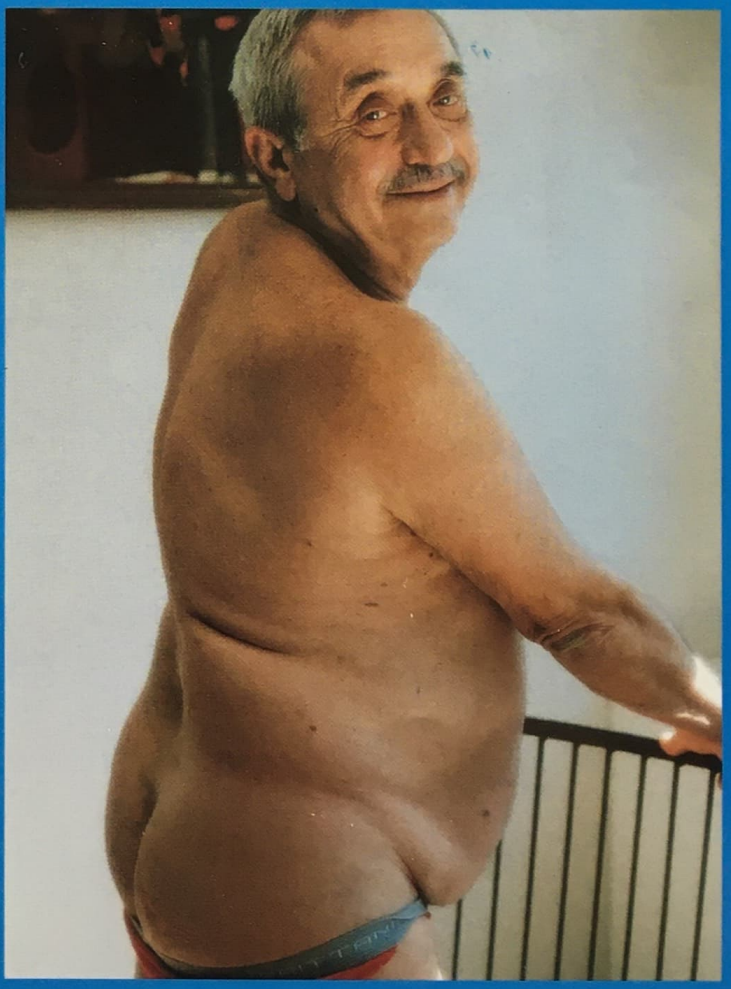


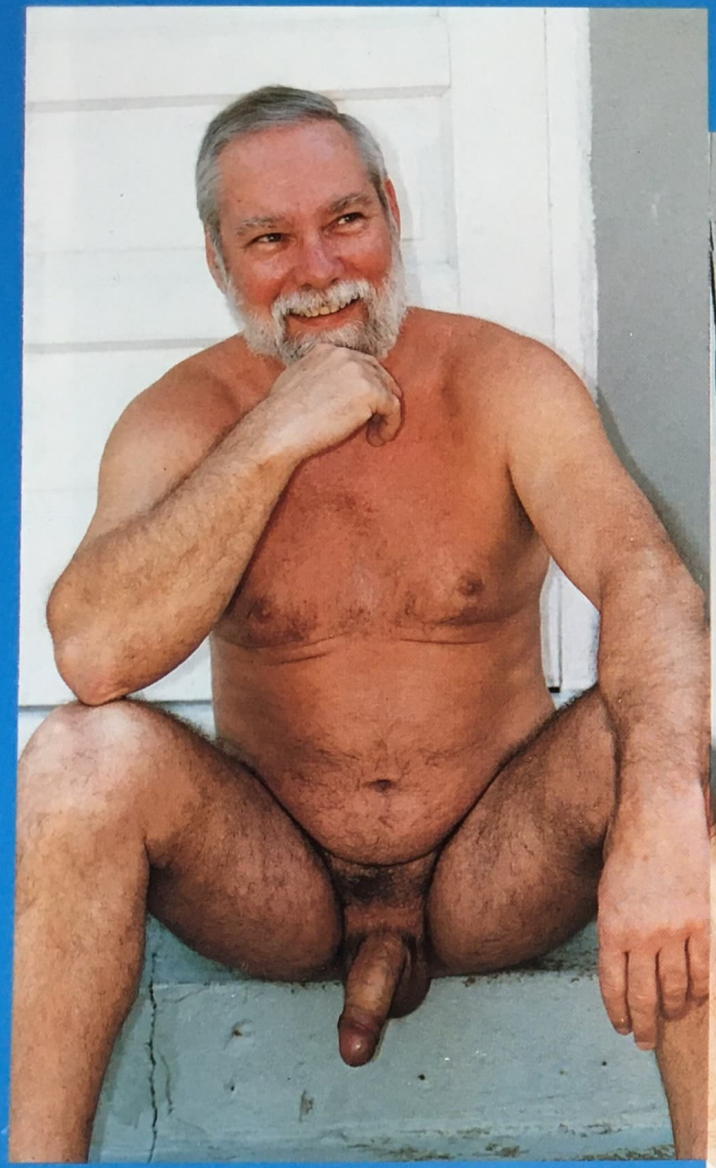


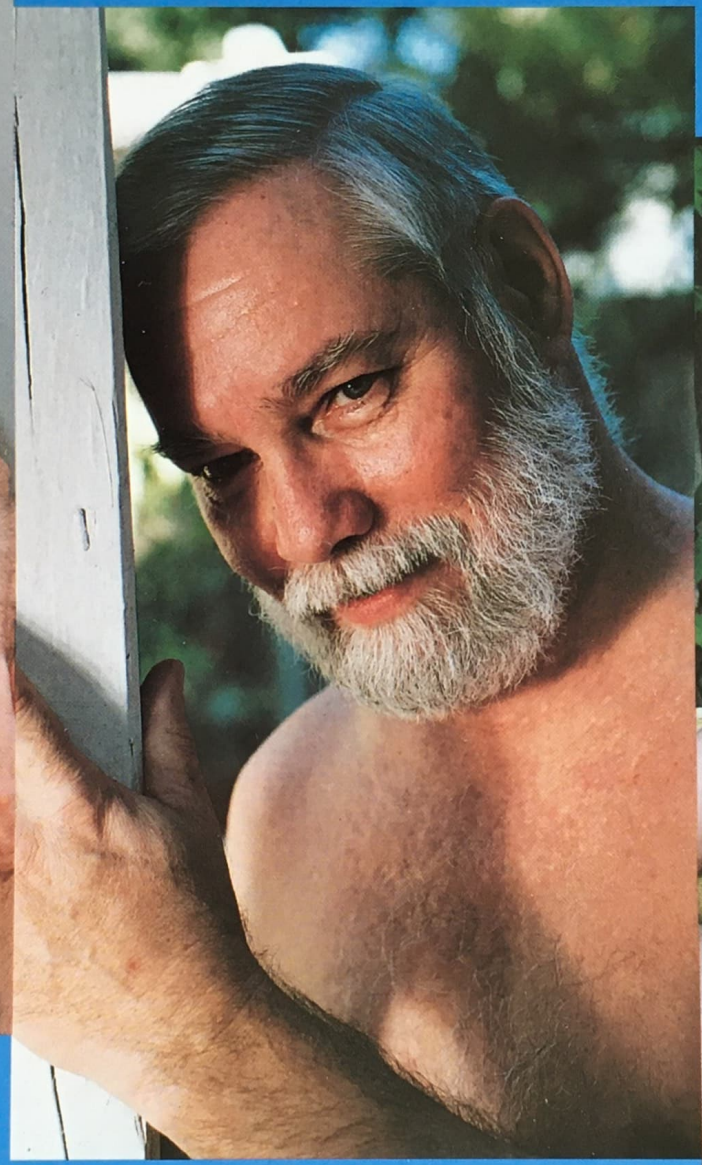
TORRES

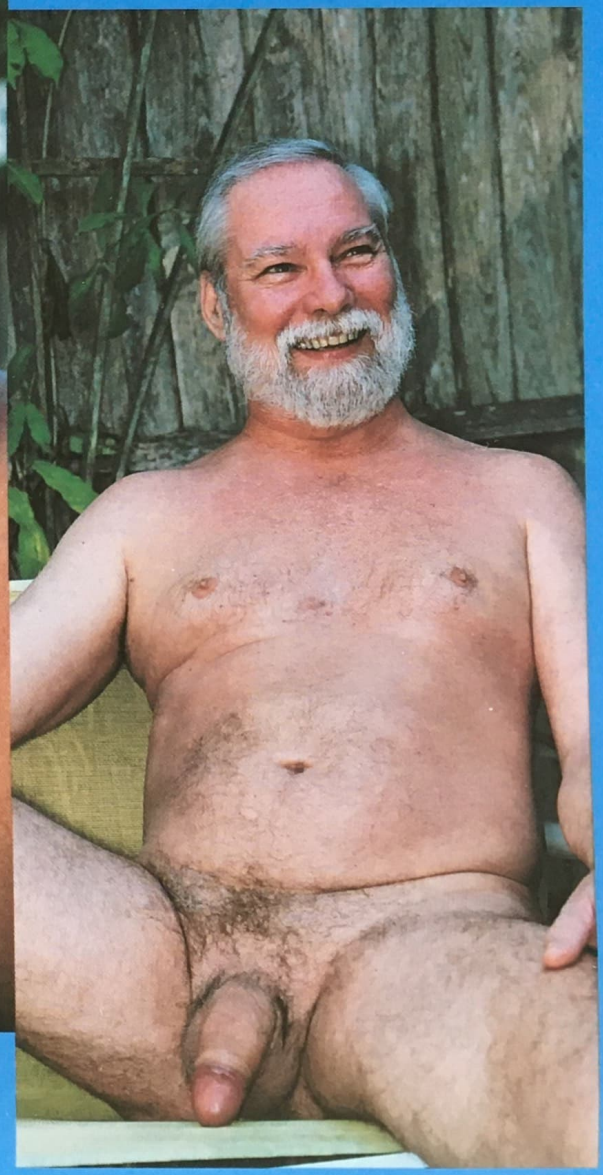
D.C. DADDY MANNY

TEDDY BARE

MANNY

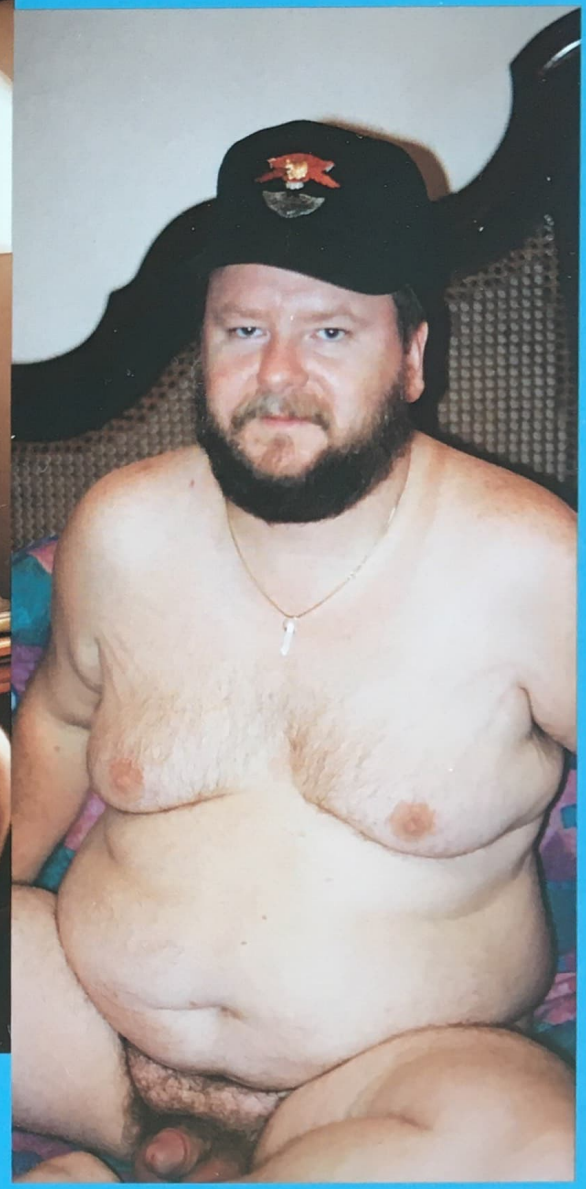




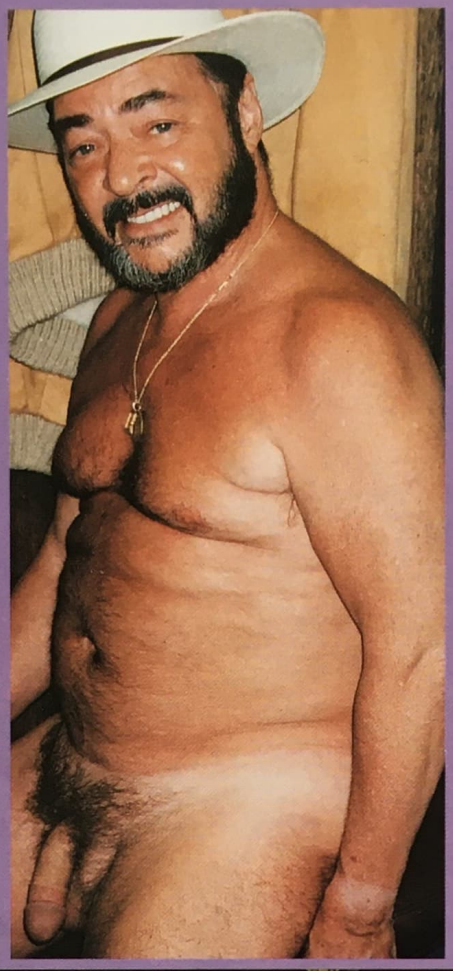


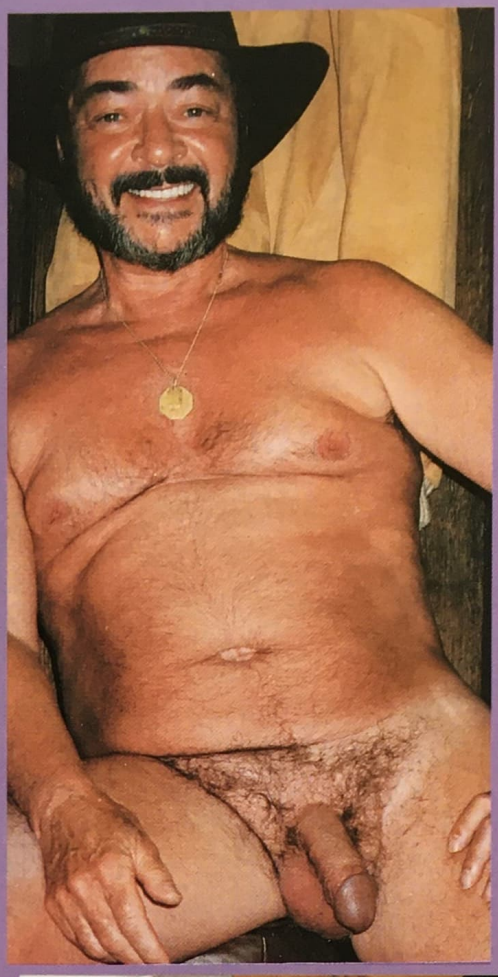
SONNY

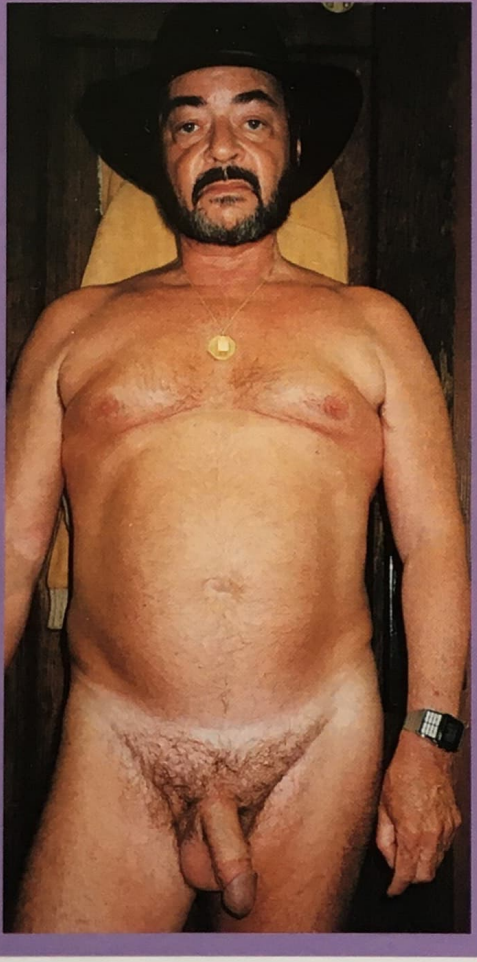
SAN JOSE

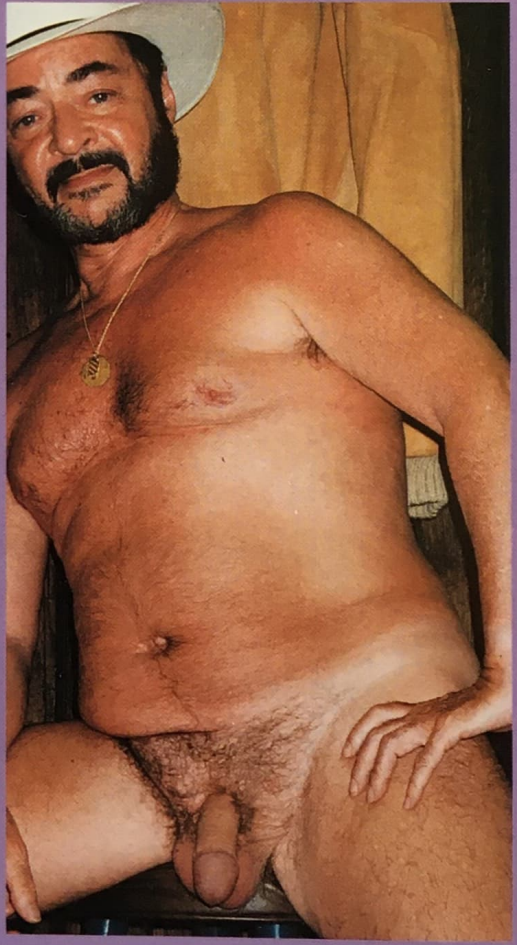


SAILOR'S MATE ROMULUS









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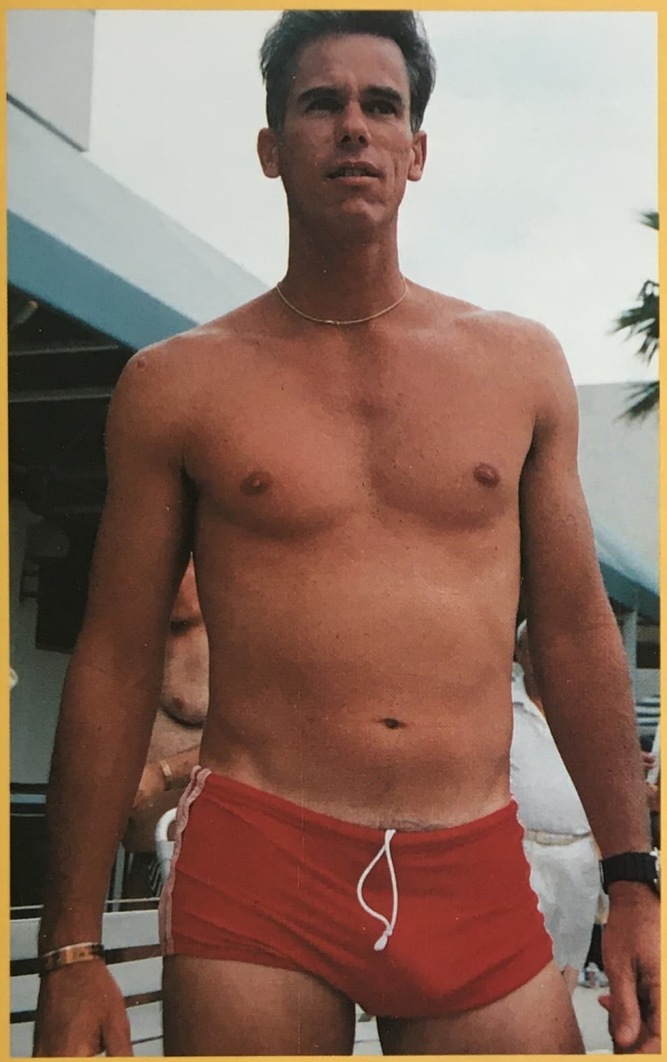


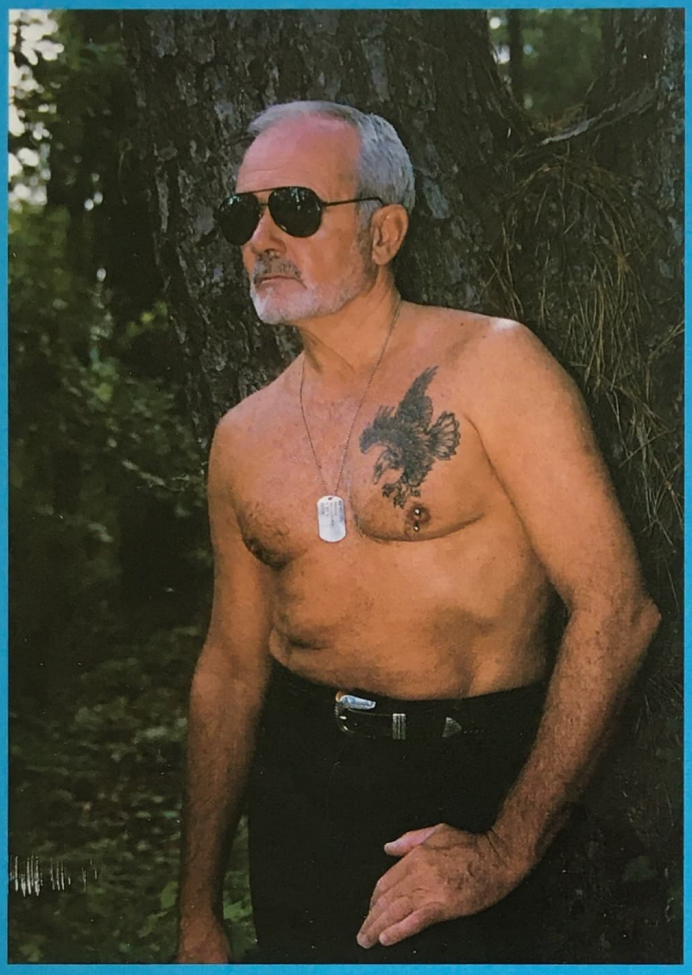
BRIAN M. MIKE DEVEAU

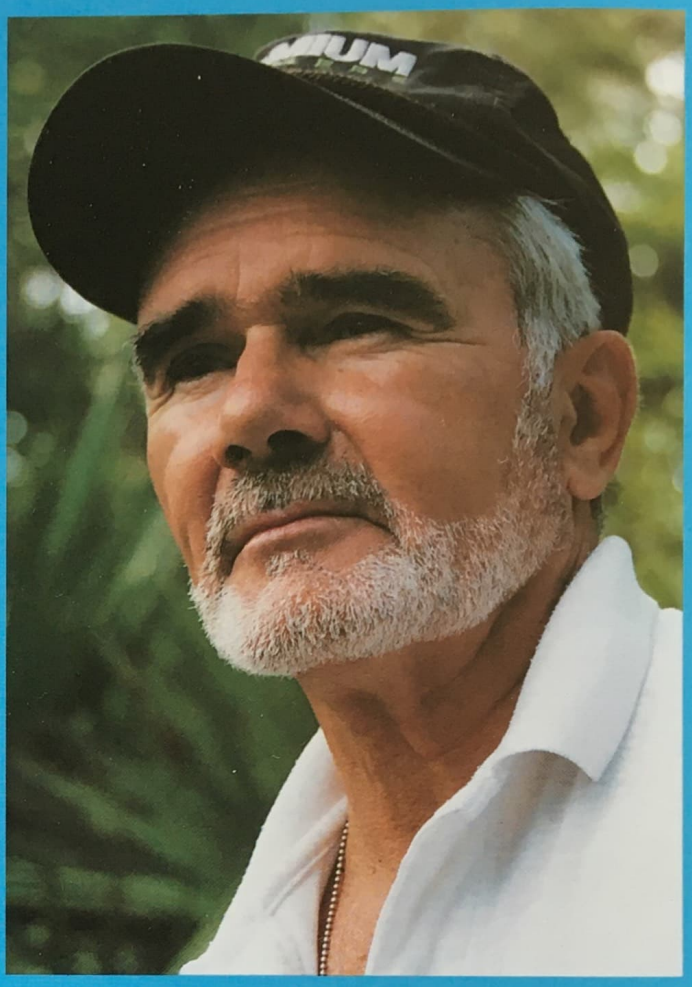
BIG McGUNN DIPOL

CHEF MIKE DEVEAU

CAPT'N TOM

PHOTOS BY JOEL





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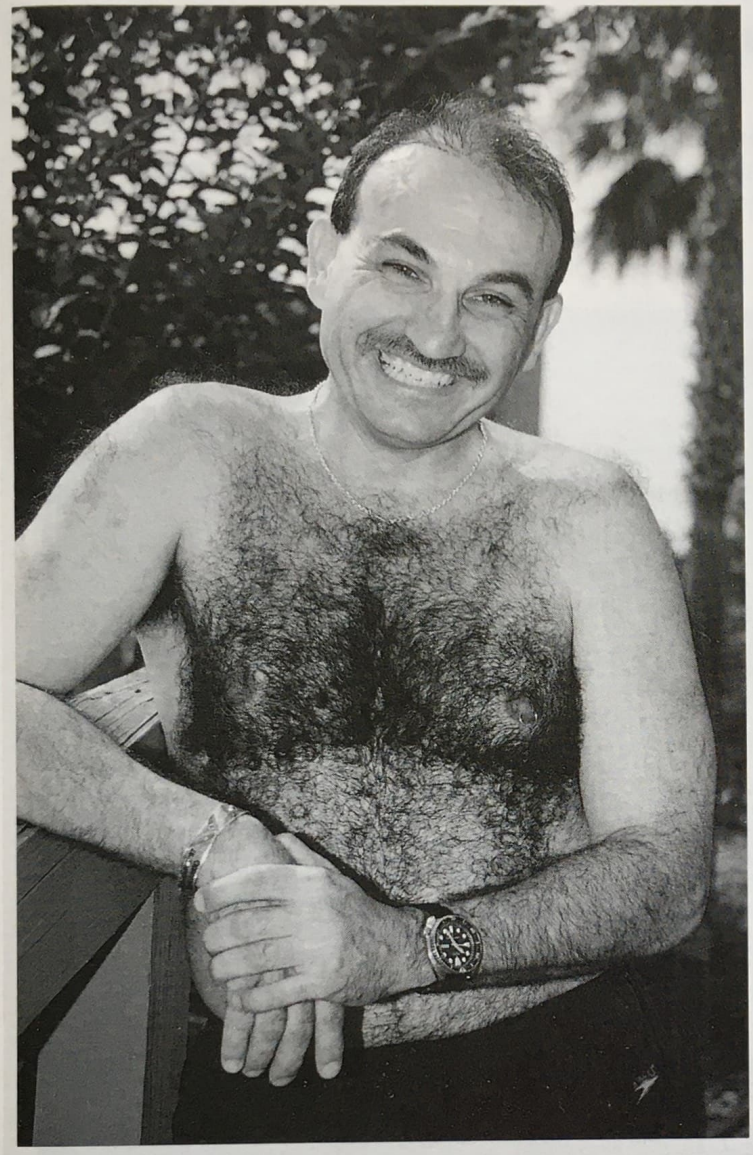

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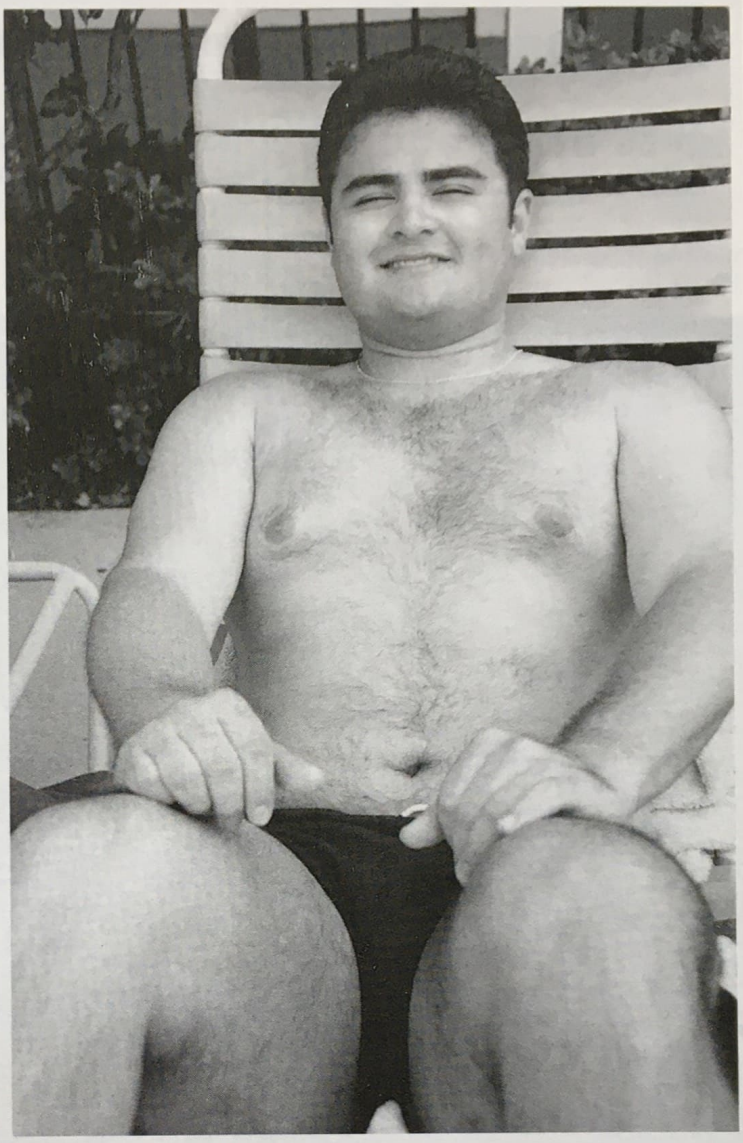

VALIANT
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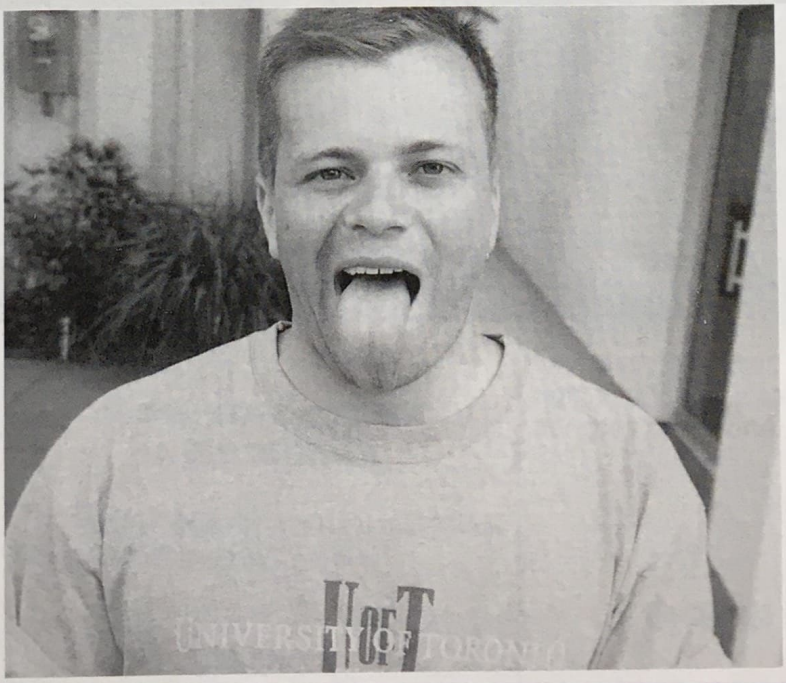


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

ROBERT IN TAHOE

J. GIOLAS

HOW?

ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

HOW MANY PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINE:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

BOOK:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We sponsor a Gathering of up to 2,000 mature men and admirers every spring (Orlando on odd years; San Diego on even years). We also sponsor a yearly smaller gathering in Sydney, Australia.

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

We publish and distribute each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifteenth and last of those months. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the first week of the odd months.

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (4) four to (6) six weeks after receipt of order.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Don't forget to factor in mailing time.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates the even month and year when your last issue will arrive. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet (asteroid?) called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

Follow special instructions (WAS THAT YOU IN CR?) herein.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS & WRITERS

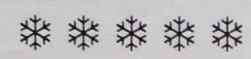
Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

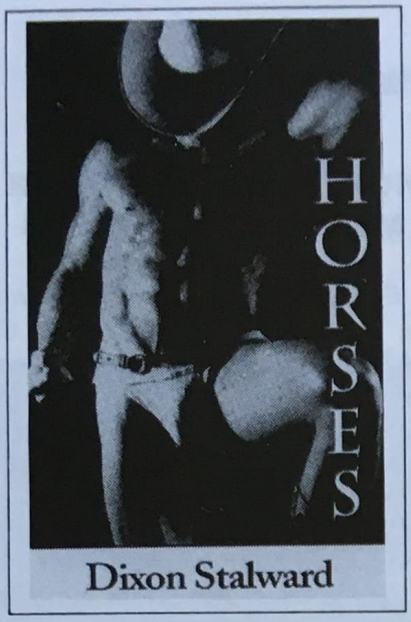
WHAT ABOUT RETURNED CHECKS?

If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

HOW MUCH FEEDBACK DO WE WANT FROM OUR READERS?

We welcome your comments and suggestions because we depend upon constructive criticism to help us grow. If you have a complaint, we want to hear about that too, because we want to make things right with our customers. Insulting, abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated, however. We reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.





"DYNAMITE READING!" "RAMBUNCTIOUS!" "BAWDY!" "CLEVER!" "DEFIANTLY & VIVIDLY SENSUAL!"

"HORSES" by Dixon Stalward. In some of the best, most intelligently written erotic fiction ever, you will meet narrator Crestwell Holmes, a handsome English blacksmith, who travels about California plying his trade. And *in* those travels he meets many, many wonderful men. The action sizzles, the locales are unique and engaging, and the men are men of realistic dreams. These pages are packed with the optimistic sensuality experienced in the gay milieu and are encouraging of the very best in us, to the very reaches of our gay and true reality. Warm and wet, satisfaction is guaranteed time after time. 190 pages.

"LEAPS" by Dixon Stalward. Oh boy, take your horny fill from the meat-grabbing feasts in this sexy volume. Thrill to the lunges and plunges, the stabs and jabs, the strokes and pokes, in eight stiffening stories. Each and every one of these 194 pages drips with the hot juices of steamy action and you'll love it!

"PIECES" by Dixon Stalward. The first Stalward book, and it's a classic in his inimitable style. In eight stories there are many, *many* explicit descriptions of the explosive wonder of sex but the basic human dignity of those involved is never condemned to meat rack expedience. 180 pages.

"BRIDGES" by Dixon Stalward. This book explores the experience of the gay relationship, but not in the dry style of a psychology guru. No way. In four novellas you will share in the observations and activities—mostly sexy—of men working toward and/or within the definitions of a relationship. In reading these stories one is warmed both by the passions of the body and by the longing in the softer, gentler places for the serenity of belonging and continuity. It is possible, is it not, to celebrate the lusts of life while still nurturing the more enduring aspects of that same endeavor? Why, hell yes it is, so enjoy! 192 pages.

* * * * * * * * * *

ORDER TODAY! CABOOSE PRESS, POST OFFICE BOX 567, ROCKLIN, CA 95677-0567 USA

Ship me _√ "HORSES" _√ "LEAPS" _√"PIECES" _√ "BRIDGES" Each book is US$12.95 plus US$3.50 shipped PRIORITY MAIL. (Overseas shipping: US$3.50 per book surface; US$8.00, airmail). Orders for Calif. addresses add 7.75% sales tax. Total order: US$_____

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State_____ ZIP ____ Country _____

Payment:_ √ Check or Money Order made payable to Caboose Press. Credit Cards: _√ MasterCard _√ VISA _√ American Express

Credit Card No._____Exp. date_____ Name as it appears on card_____

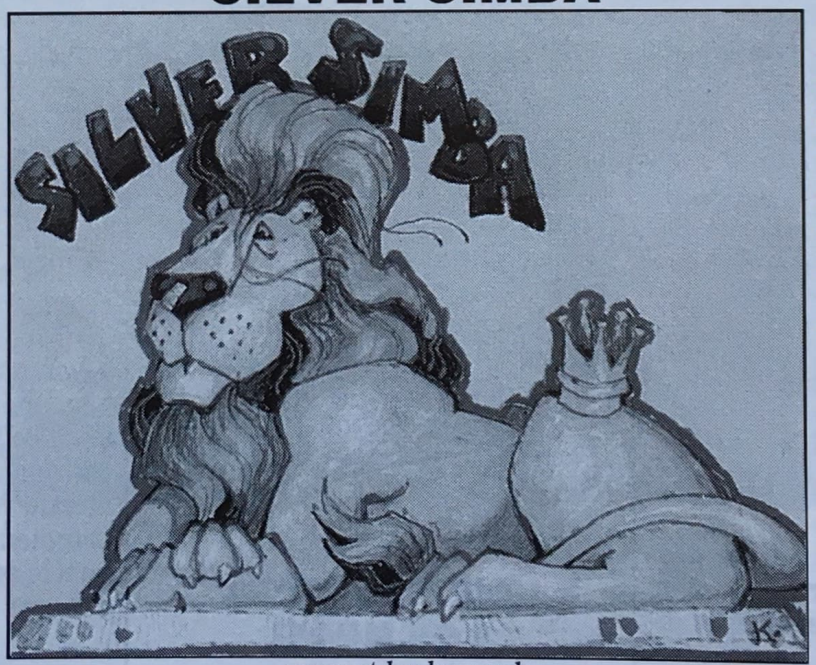
"I am eighteen years old or older." Signature, please _____ Friend, we do thank you. Enjoy in good, *hot* health!

Hey, fellas! Get FIVE 4" x 6" color PHOTOS of author Dixon Stalward FREE with EACH book ordered (and they're awful damned sexy, too!)
_√ *Stiff and Bound #1* _√ *Stiff and Bound #2* _√ *In the Garden* _√*Night Fantasy* _√ *Workout* _√*Ranch Life*

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

If you need bereavement support, the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. You do not have to be a subscriber or customer of CRPI, nor do you have to be a member of the Order of the Silver Simba. The simple act of reaching out entitles you to our help. We cannot refer you to a professional counselor or clergyman, but we will put you in touch with other men in your area who have suffered the same as you and survived. It is our sincere belief that benevolent contact with those who have walked in your shoes can provide a valid and effective alternative or supplement to professional therapies.

If you wish to joint the Order and donate spiritual support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you: a) have lost a mate, b) are losing a mate, c) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.



mascot by kemush

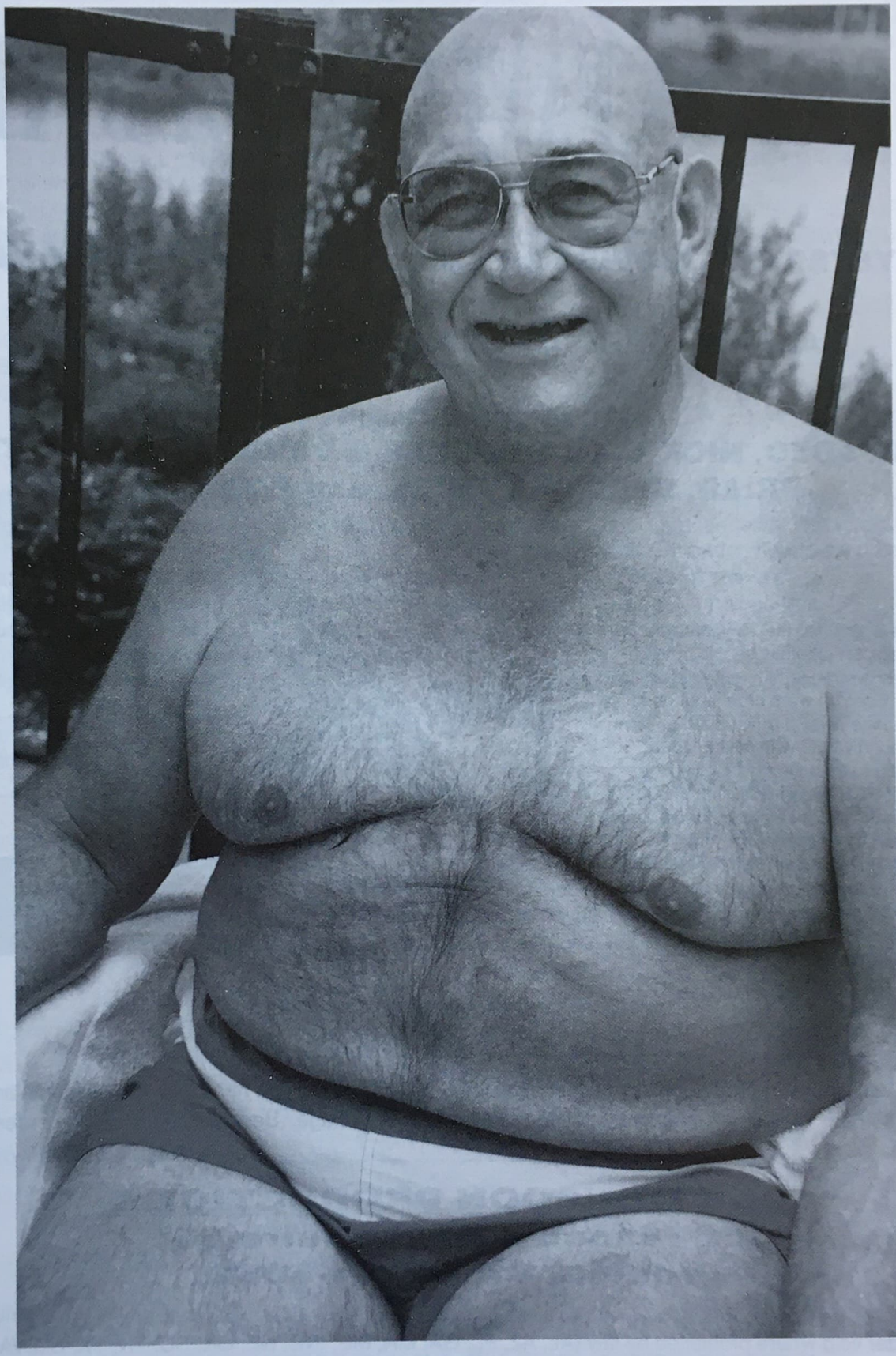
Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 9239, or call (888) 227-2935 within U.S. or (760) 868-6371 outside U.S..

E-mail: crpi@aol.com

SUFFER IN SILENCE NO LONGER

RON OF THE DESERT



MIKE DEVEAU

NOW AVAILABLE

"A DIGITAL FANTASY - 1ST BYTE"

A MYSTERIOUS MOVIE FOR AND ABOUT MATURE GAY MEN

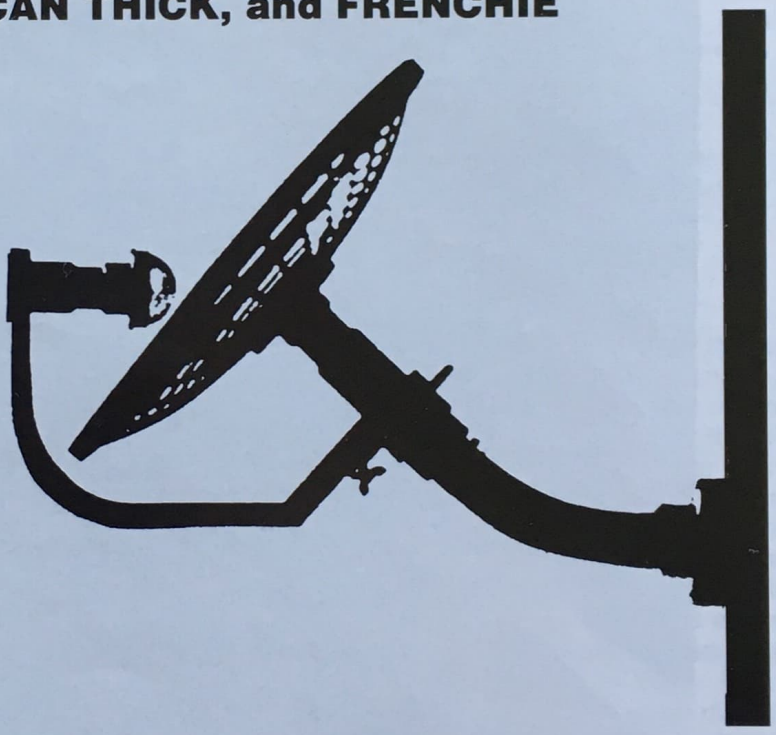
with

HARLAN CHRISTIANSON, B.K., AND REBEL II

cameo appearances by

ROB DADEO, NICK & AL, CHUCKEE & DANDEE, SYRINX, THE FRIAR, BEER CAN THICK, and FRENCHIE

"The plot takes a turn into the Twilight Zone. REBEL II's character gleefully begins putting together parts to a strange, interactive satellite video system. Even if I were cruel enough to give the next scene away, I truly doubt anyone could comprehend what I was talking about. It has to be seen to be believed. Only in the warped mind of JIKE MONSOON." ..."REBEL II does a combination couch potato/virtual Zeus routine with his handy remote and has his cyber-way with HARLAN CHRISTIANSON, a magnificent specimen with gorilla fur, gigantic balls, and enough rolling foreskin to suffocate an average-sized ectomorph."
EXOCET - CR MAGAZINE



Order your VHS (sorry, no PAL) copy by sending $68.95, plus $5 shipping and handling. CA residents add 8.25% sales tax ($5.69). Include a statement that you are over 18 years of age. Send checks or money order only to:

JIKE MONSOON PRODUCTIONS
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Suite 301
Venice, CA 90291-5082

Order void where prohibited by law (AL, AZ, FL, GA, MN, MS, NC, NE, OK, SC, TN, TX, UT, VA)

WAS THAT **YOU** IN CR?

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, get some professional portraits. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you and make your pupils appear red). If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash). Photos could become lost or damaged, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

THE FOLLOWING FORM IS REQUIRED IN ORDER TO HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH(S) FEATURED IN CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE. CAREFULLY WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE BACK OF EACH SUBMITTED PHOTOGRAPH AND BLOT SO THAT INK DOES NOT GET ON FRONT OF PHOTO.

TO: CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393

FROM: _____

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ___. It is understood that all publication rights revert back to me upon publication and that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age:_____; Height: _____; Weight: _____; Area of Residence: _____

Likes: _____

Looking for: _____

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on CR's website on the internet.

I am currently involved in no _____/ an open _____/ a closed _____ personal relationship.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of subject photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of subject photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State (Province)/Zip (Code) _____

Country: _____

Date: _____

Telephone number: _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO CRPI, AS NOTED ABOVE

THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL NOT:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE*.

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE.

ARIZONA

(10/97) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, looking for someone 30-60 for friendship and possible LTR, if compatible. Light drinker and smoker okay. No drugs. Looks and body not important, but heart and soul are. I am a student who is training to become travel agent. Love to travel. Just learning computers. Enjoy most forms of safe sex. Your photo gets mine: **BAREKAT**

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(4/98) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Fun-loving and happily horny, masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, potency not important; responsiveness is. You are masculine and you kiss and hug passionately. I am 65, 5'-10", 215#, 6" cut, hairy, talented and enthusiastic. Extra-special feature: I am also one-half of newly merged pair open to occasional threesome. Partner is masculine, erudite, hairy and was a total virgin until the age of 71!! Now 76, 5'-7", 150#, 5" cut and thick, he's a quick, easy learner. You are virile, 25-45, medium body, cut and hung medium to small. HIV negative required. Hairy a plus. We are open to ideas. Twosome or threesome available. Try us. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(10/98) LOS ANGELES: GWM, 58, 5'-9", 230#, wants a drug-free, monogamous, French-mutual, Greek-active lover under 40. Write: George, Box 461423, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

(10/97) LONG BEACH/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GHM, 48, 5'-9", 205#, ex-priest, handsome, friendly, nice, sincere, affectionate, loyal, honest, spiritual, enjoys movies, traveling, music, photography, socializing, helping others, seeks 27-50 with similar interests and qualities. I'm hairy, uncut, Mexican background, not hung, stocky. Looking for friendship and more. Letter with photo to Antonio, 2100 E. 2nd St. #503, Long Beach, CA 90803.

(4/98) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 54, 5'-11", 235#, salt-pepper, moustache, smooth chest, masculine, discreet, seeks to 60 for friendship and fun. Enjoy outdoors/nature, photography, nudity, exploring safe and sensual encounters (e.g.. massage, etc.). Only correspond with those can meet at some time. Write: Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(10/97) ORANGE COUNTY-NATIONWIDE: Discreet SWM, 54, 6 ft., slim, in-shape, healthy, nonsmoker. Positive approach to life, love home and outdoors. Seriously seeking monogamous mate who is emotionally honest and in need of a bedmate who can provide passion and affection. Good looking not a requirement. Sorry, no playboys or predators. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(10/97) DOWNEY/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 5'-11", 185#, gray hair, seeks 55-70 for friendship and more. Like nudism, beach, theatre, travel. Weight in proportion to height or thinner only. Photo please. Write: Tom G., 10929 Casanes Ave., Downey, CA 90241.

(10/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: WM, 31, 6 ft., 195#, rock-solid with football player's build, good-looking, masculine, nice cock, clean-cut, clean-shaven, HIV negative, educated, warm, passionate, intelligent, stable, honest, mature, financially/emotionally secure and discreet. I enjoy cooking, fitness, gardening, sex, deep sea fishing, golf, dogs, cars, home life, dining, travel, movies/theater. Seeking a masculine WM, 55+, on the husky side, clean-cut, clean-shaven, who is honest, mature and stable, for possible relationship. If you are interested, please write with photo to: Mark, 4470 Sunset Blvd., Box 223, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

(2/98) LONG BEACH/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GBM, 56, 6'-1", 210#, sincere, caring, romantic, adventurous, passionate, enjoys music, traveling, movies/theater, reading, gardening, entertaining at home, etc., seeks 28-45, stocky with similar interests. I'm masculine, bald, attractive, mustache, healthy HIV negative, have exciting professional career/secure. Looking for friendship, celebration of life, love and more. Letter with photo/phone to Tom Rogers, 2100 E. 2nd St. #503, Long Beach, CA 90803.

(12/97) LOS ANGELES: 52-year-old GWM, 5'-9" tall, 190#, short gray hair, brown eyes. Very romantic, into kissing, cuddling, and lots of other things.

Seeking GWM or GHM, 25-35, for friendship and possible relationship. Phone (213) 664-7432, or write: **LALALA**

(2/98) SO. CALIF/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/L.A. COUNTY: Handsome WM, 5'-9", 175#, 43, cut/hung and well-groomed. Seeking a WM (married okay), 35 to 65, who is clean, cut, well-hung, and a good teacher. I'm new to this and willing to learn. I enjoy the outdoors, water, golf and football season. Please respond with photo (nude if possible) and letter to: Edward J., P.O. Box 950093, Mission Hills, CA 91395.

(2/98) SO. CALIFORNIA: WM, 40, 6 ft., 185#, nice looking, masculine, muscular, hardworking, "regular guy," seeks relationship with mature man, 40-60. Must be masculine. Pluses include stocky build, 200# or more, and uncut—but not required. I enjoy weight training, sports and snow skiing. I can travel. Write: Mike, 5580 La Jolla Blvd., #485, La Jolla, CA 92037.

(12/97) SOUTHERN CAL/NATIONWIDE: 42-year-old bull, 5'-11", 245# with muscles, seeks BEAR. I enjoy sports, reading, wrestling (for sport and fun), music and dining. In search of 45+, same physical stature. Must have muscles and look great in a tank shirt. I am self-employed, stable and lonely. All responses (especially with photos) answered. Write: **LONELY BULL**

COLORADO

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: SWM, 47, 5'-8", slender, blond, attractive, writer, art lover, non-scene, reflective, quiet lifestyle, soft-spoken but passionate, honest, capable of sharing with difficult things, monogamous, HIV negative. Seeking: mature white male, 70+, intelligent, gentle, caring, slender body type, well-hung, HIV negative, who likes being loved orally. Looking for deep, growing, monogamous relationship. Write: Ken Ebel, 1280 Clayton #204, Denver, CO 80206. Revealing photo with letter will get same.

FLORIDA

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 142#, chest 39", waist 32", bottom, trim, smooth swimmer's body, entirely clean-shaven head to toe, dancer, singer, educated, affectionate, hot, seeks control and discipline from a TOP willing to relocate. HIV negative. Write: Pierre Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(10/97) FLORIDA: GWM, 48, 6 ft., 235#, short hair/beard, seeks GWM, 30-45, preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. Prefer responses from local area, but will reply to all. Write: **ROSEBUD**

(10/97) SOUTH FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Wanted: man in recovery! Sober GWM, 36, 5'-8", 160#, brown hair/eyes, hairy body, HIV negative, seeks that special someone, 55-60 to share life with. You: spiritually and emotionally connected, in recovery, loving and honest, stable and secure, who wants to grow together in a caring, intimate relationship. I can relocate if needed. For prompt reply, include photo and phone number. Write: **RICH C**

HAWAII

(12/97) U.S. MAINLAND, SOUTH: GWM, 62, 196#, HIV negative, sincere, healthy, honest, no smoke/drugs. Enjoy life in general with lots of humor, walks, cooking, gardening, piano (country/gospel), desires GM, 42-52. Must be sincere and positive about life (race/ethnic background no barrier). Write (will return your photo) to: **EARL**

(12/97) HAWAII/U.S. MAINLAND: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 195#, HIV negative, good health, caring, affectionate, good humor, retired, seeks GM, 40-50, for friendship/relationship. I enjoy walks, cooking, gardening, traveling, and quiet times. Your communication and photo (will return) gets a prompt reply. Write: **DD**

ILLINOIS

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: Strip me naked! Young-looking, cute, bi, 29 yo, 6 ft., 210#, "big boy" look, seeks nice, safe, friendly man sharing fantasies where, under some preplanned situation, you "force" me to undress and JO against my will. Many scenes possible! Maybe you're my teacher, and I'm a failing student. You'll pass me if I let you see me naked. Your hands gently remove my clothing then fondle my shy, nude body. I'm humiliated as I grow uncontrollably aroused. Soon, my penis ignores my brain and—! We cuddle, rest, have awkward conversation. Then, my mental anguish and physical joy begin again, as you drain me all night long. Sound like fun? No S & M, Greek—just hot masturbation play and friendship sought. Your age, looks, body, city, don't matter. Personality, similar interests, ideas, do. Send yours! K. Jacob, Box 618601, Chicago, IL 60661. Will travel.

(12/97) CRYSTAL LAKE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, 6 ft., 224#, brown hair/eyes, seeks 50-75, preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I like reading, traveling, movies, classical music, cooking and seeing plays. Your photo (will return) and phone number will get prompt reply. Write: A.J., P.O. Box 1801, Crystal Lake, IL 60039.

MARYLAND

(12/97) TOWSON, MARYLAND: GWM, 70, 5'-8", 158#, trim, healthy, spiritual, energetic, active. Came out to self and others four years ago. Seek fun, intimacy, companionship, relationship. Ready for life! Meet you there. Write: **BALSY FOX**

MICHIGAN

(10/97) MICHIGAN: GBM, 63, 5'-11", 180#, retired, into social work, a people person. Love to travel but don't enjoy going alone. Would like to meet other retirees to join me on travel adventures. Bone cancer is in remission; want to live and enjoy my life. **ORIGINAL MICHIGAN OWL MAN**

(10/97) EUP/UPPER GREAT LAKES: SGWM, 47, 5'-11", 185#, blue/brown, bald crown, salt & pepper beard, bearish torso, rather hairy, nonsmoker/doper/drinker, HIV negative, sensual, intellectual, affectionate, leftist, spiritual. Enjoy laughter, art, outdoors, movies, conversation, home life. You're 30-65, kindred spirit, nearby or eager commuter. Send detailed intro and photo (buff?) for same. Dan Doran, Rt. 2, Box 282, Sault Sainte Marie, MI 49783.

MISSISSIPPI

(4/98) BILOXI: Retired professor desires to meet clergy, professional men, blacks. Am 71 years of age, Christian worker in church. Am available for travel to visit and for visitors to see me in my apartment. Write: J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

(10/97) MISSISSIPPI: GWM, 70, 5'-9", 159#, blue eyes, brown crewcut,

uncut, retired clergyman, seeks mate or visitors. I want a man with a big chest, who likes to sleep overnight with partner. Pay only for your food and move in. Photo and phone. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

NEBRASKA

(10/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 59, 6'-6", 220#, medium build, any age. I like sports, music, nude g-string modeling, friends. I love going naked, anytime or place. Will pose for photos, nude or g-string. Richard Jones, Box 346, Arlington, NE 68002.

NEVADA

(2/98) RENO/NATIONWIDE: 60ish guy seeks friends/penpals. Likes: railroads, travel, musicals, architecture. Rick: (702) 329-2474.

(12/97) LAKE TAHOE/NEVADA: GWM, 23, 5'-8", 165#, nonsmoker, nondrinker, HIV negative, seeks GWM, 45+, balding/gray hair (pluses), versatile. Enjoy biking, hiking, snowboarding, nudity, fun in bed. Write: Robert, P.O. Box 4320, Stateline, NV 89449.

(12/97) RENO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 170#, Italian Scorpio, musician, photographer, athletic, healthy father of two grown sons. Enjoy most outdoor sports and motorcycle touring. Looking for versatile, stable, loving man under 40 for long term. Height, weight proportionate. Write: D.F., P.O. Box 71201, Reno, NV 89570-1201. HIV status unimportant.

NEW JERSEY

(10/97) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW YORK

(12/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 47, 6'-1", trim, masculine, hairy-chested, warm, caring, loyal, nonsmoker, social drinker, health-conscious, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship. Can travel. Would relocate. Enjoy movies, theatre, music, dining out, beach, nature, piano bars. No men with children, please. Detailed letter and photo essential. Steve, Box 246, 208 E. 51 St., New York, NY 10022.

OHIO

(10/97) COLUMBUS AND CENTRAL OHIO: GWM, 47, 5'-2", 250#, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks 25-65, average to somewhat heavy build. Enjoy reading, films, cats and cars. Your photo and telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: T.W.C., 1161 Norton Road, Galloway, OH 43119, or call (614) 853-0181.

OKLAHOMA

(2/98) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM exec, 54, 6'-5", 240#, brown/blue, eclectic, sensual, romantic, seeks 25-65+, preferably versatile, for friendship and more, possibly including monogamous long-term relationship. Enjoy nature, travel, quiet relaxing pursuits, modest/honest/unpretentious people/lifestyle. Particularly interested in European and Asian (Japanese, Chinese, Indonesian, Sri Lankan) men. Write with photo (explicit if you wish): **HAWK**

(12/97) NATIONWIDE: UPPERCLASS COMPANION, GWM, 41, 5'-11", 180#, healthy, HIV negative, masculine, endowed, educated, professional. A refined, cultured, QUALITY PERSON, seeking the same in a gentleman at least 15-20 years older. Be my mentor, father-figure, friend, lover, etc. Long term relationship hoped for, open to dating. You customarily enjoy all the finer things in life and essentially have everything you want or need except a committed younger man to share it with. I will provide the laughter, love and loyalty along the way. Willing to relocate to begin our life together. Write: **COMPANION**, or call David (918) 456-9578, weekdays 5:30 - 11:00 pm (CST) or weekend.

TEXAS

(12/97) TEXAS: GWM, 6'-2", top, seeks GWM, 5'-6", 190#, 55+, nonsmoker. **WILL CALL**

UTAH

(10/97) NATIONWIDE-UTAHNS SEEK THIRD MEMBER TO FORM TRIAD FAMILY. GWM couple: 66, 6'-0", 190#, hazel eyes, brown hair, stache, HIV negative, great humor, rancher, musician, educated, cut, average, loving, and cuddly; and 56, 5'-5", hazel eyes, blond hair, great butt and legs, stache and beard, musician, loves massage, fun, great conversationalist, HIV negative, hairy, world traveler. Both are nonsmokers, very light social drink. Seek son/friend/lover, 35-45, for relationship, not a fling. You: be self-sufficient, nonsmoke, HIV negative, educated, your being able to ride a horse well would be a plus, like travel, humorous, have the ability to commit to a relationship, nice looking, weight proportionate to height, light to no drink, like safe sex, know a good deal when you see one. If this sounds interesting to you, contact us. First let's try for a friendship, then see what happens as we get to know one another better. Send photo and letter to **FOXTROTTER**

WASHINGTON

(12/97) WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: Silver fox, 68, 6 ft., 195#, muscular build, seeks cub for mate, son, companion, who is smooth, in-shape, possessing a variety of interests, motivated, sincere, honest. This successful senior likes sports, travel, the arts, good all-around living. Write: R.E.S., P.O. Box 94174, Seattle, WA 98124.

(10/97) WASHINGTON: The hills are alive with Bear—47, 5'-11", 212#. Enjoy being with cubs, 35-70, from English speaking nations. I like to start with an open relationship with positive thoughts of shooting for the stars. Like dancing to an ethnic beat, movies subtitled or not, exchange foot rubs. Want more? Kurtbear, (206) 328-5828.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(10/97) FLORIDA: Mexican GWM, 41, 5'-6", 155#, masculine with muscular build, seeks older man, 60+, stocky, gray or white hair. Interests: fine arts. Write to: Bosco, Dr. Lucio 102, Edif. C-1, 201, Doctores, C.P. 06720, MEXICO.

(12/97) NATIONWIDE CANADA/USA: GWM, 72, 5'-10", 174#, seeks 30-85 for friendship and more. Enjoy walking, swimming, bridge, traveling, nud-

ism. Your letter, photo, telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: G.A.T., Box 165, Bowden, Alberta T0M 0K0

(10/97) MONTREAL/USA/CANADA: GWM, 40, 6'-3", 205#, beardless, short thinning hair, in-shape, masculine, seeks beardless, in-shape, 45-55 with very masculine features and manners. Interests: gym, books, movies, quiet times, spirituality. Your photo (will return) and phone number will get a prompt reply. Write: R.B., 1051 Ducas, Apt. 314, Lasalle, Quebec, Canada, H8N 2K5. E-mail: **bigvoice@total.net**

(10/97) ENGLAND: Zanzibarian Indian/Persian, 41, intends to travel around U.S.A. in October. Seeks masculine, active friends, couples, social companionship, massage, nudism. Write with photo and phone to Nadim, 48 Milbourne Street, Blackpool, FY1 3LL, ENGLAND.

(10/97) MEXICO: Mi nombre es Carlos Fernández, 39 años, 1.65 mts, 76 kgs. Ingeniero industrial y actor de teatro experimental, con fantasias de usar ropas femeninas en la intimidad. Deseo conocer hombre activo, corpulento, gordo y fuerte, entre 50 y 70 años de edad y de aspecto muy macho. De preferencia escribe en Español. Carlos Fernandez, Apdo. Post. 948 Centro, C.P. 76001, Queretaro, Qro., MEXICO.

(10/97) GERMANY: W.R. and GEORG OF GERMANY (CR 79) will be traveling through CA, NV, UT, and AZ after the '98 Gathering in San Diego. We would like to correspond in advance with CRisers for information and possibly meetings during the tour. Please write to Walter Roeber, Roedger Weg 18, D 61231 Bad Nauheim, GERMANY.

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BACK TO OZ

THIS YEAR IT WILL BE MUCH MORE THAN JUST A CONVENTION. WE'RE ALSO SHOOTING A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT THE EVENT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF OUR VERY OWN FREDDY GATOR. YOU'RE WELCOME TO JOIN US AT ANY POINT IN THE FOLLOWING ITINERARY:

February 19: Arrive Sydney a.m. - Check into the Millennium Sydney Hotel - Pre-Convention Hospitality in CRPI Rooms (BYOB)

February 20: Simba Mardi Gras Convention - reception, dinner and apre events. In the a.m., perhaps ferry to Manly Beach, or check out Oxford Street, or have lunch in Chinatown, or tour the Opera House.

February 21: Second day of convention - reception, dinner and apre events. In the a.m., perhaps check out Bondi Beach, or visit Taronga Zoo, or take the monorail to Darling Harbour, or go to the top of the Sydney Tower.

February 22: Final day of convention - breakfast and farewells. Take off for other destinations in Australia or stay and see more of Sydney.

February 22-27 (The Aussie Odyssey): Documentary shoot/bus tour of beaches from Sydney to Nelson Bay, then venture into the rain forest and Barrington Tops, then head back for Sydney. Five nights. Space is limited. See details below.

February 27, 1998: Return to Sydney, check back into Millennium Sydney Hotel. No-host cocktail party.

February 28, 1998: Mardi Gras Parade. Ask your travel agent to get you grandstand seats or party tickets.

March 1,2, 1998: Documentary troupe travels from Sydney to Nadi, Fiji. Check into Sheraton Fiji Resort, Nadi.

March 3, 1998: Looking for just the right beach, snorkeling, swimming, island hopping, sight-seeing in Nadi or Suva.

March 4, 1998: Travel from Fiji to home.

THE CR AUSSIE ODYSSEY

22 February, 1998: Bus from Kings Cross to Nelson Bay. Travel time is 2-1/2 to 3 hours, but we may choose to dally along the way. Lodging will be in a cliff-top villa serviced by an adjacent gay-friendly hotel. Also adjacent is a national park. Package price includes both breakfast and dinner each day. Lunch on your own. Bus will be available for touring nearby nude beaches or any other venue we choose.

23 February: Nelson Bay

24 February: Nelson Bay

25 February: Bus to Barrington Tops, a 1-1/2 to 2 hour drive. We will have exclusive use of a small lodge operated by a gay-friendly husband and wife. This lodge is famous for its hospitality and excellent food. Included in package price are both breakfast and dinner. Lunch on your own. The area is remote and adjacent to a nationally maintained wilderness area. Wildlife abounds.

26 February: Barrington Tops

27 February: Bus to Kings Cross (Millennium Hotel), 2-1/2 to 3 hours.

Package Price: U.S. $425, or AUS $585, which includes all transportation, lodging, breakfasts, and dinners. A deposit of U.S. $100 is required no later than November 1, 1997, and full payment must be made no later than December 31, 1997. Deposit is NONREFUNDABLE except for cases of illness and a death in the family.

NOTE: THE MAXIMUM NUMBER OF GUESTS IS ESTABLISHED AT ONLY 15. THE EARLIEST DEPOSITS GET THE SPACE.

Mike Deveau

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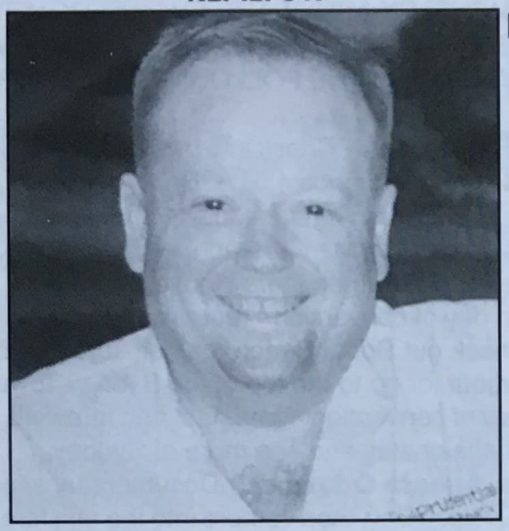

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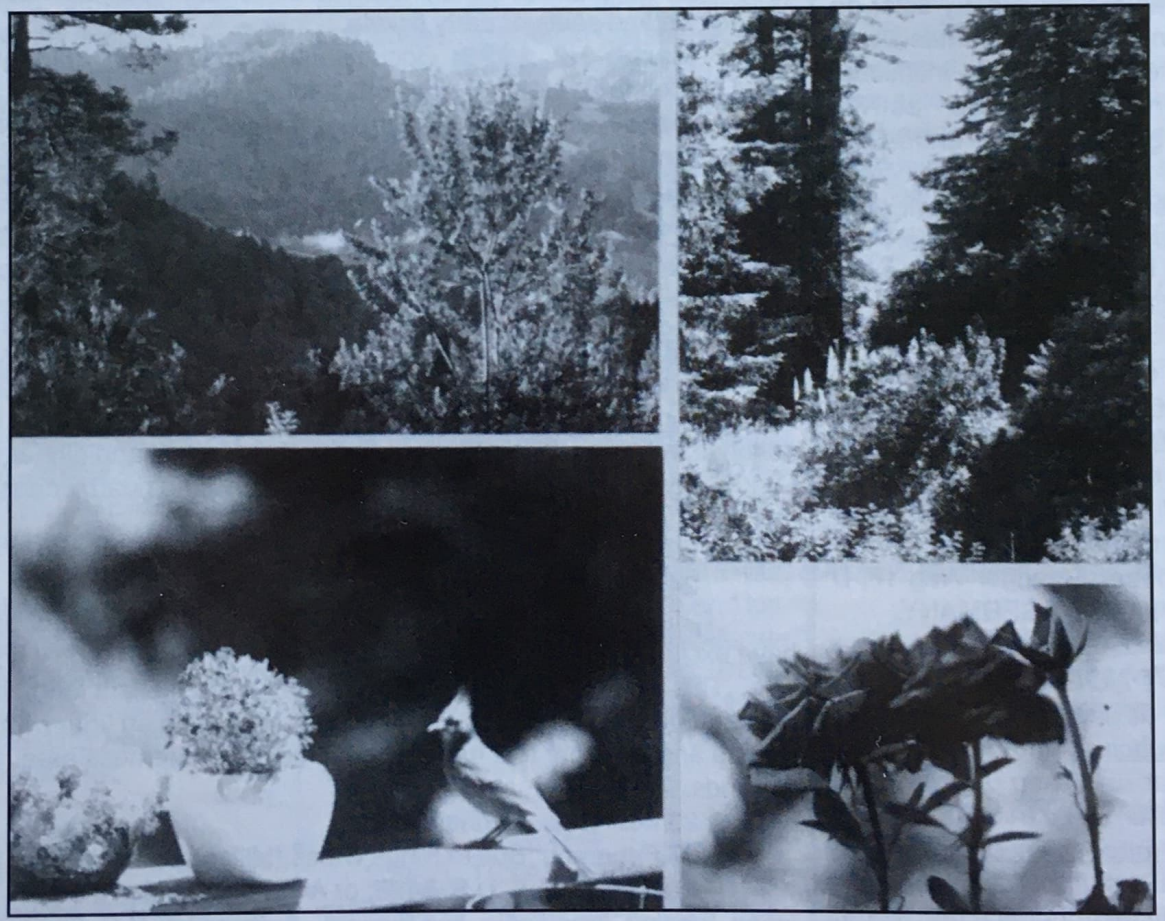

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FULL CALF BOUND

by Jay Behr

The light of late spring sliced through the closed shutters of the room. The room had been arranged to indicate prestige; perhaps it was the office of the chairman of the board. The two men formed a darker blot of shadow before the long, heavy table with its rank of dark wooden arm chairs gleaming faintly in the stripes of light which filtered through the line of shuttered French doors. Beyond them, one could hear the occasional passage of a truck or bus.

An older man, bearded and with a shaved head, clad in business suit and mirrored glasses, adjusted the thick ropes binding a much younger man's arms and legs to an ornate chair which could be interpreted as one suitable for the chairman of the board. Ropes pressed his white shirt and grey tie against his muscular torso, which was in turn pressed against the chair's mustard-brown velour.

The young man shook his luxuriant black hair and tried to speak against the calico bandana gagging him. The sounds were unintelligible. As the older man tested the last knot, he murmured, "I can't understand you. Let me move the gag."

Before he could do so, the younger cleverly adjusted the gag with his tongue so that it now rested on his moustache. "I said 'he's due any minute.' You'd better get your shoes on."

The bald man pushed the mirrored glasses onto his forehead and sat at one of the armless chairs. He slid his feet into a pair of neat black business shoes which had been resting on the oriental rug. He tied them carefully and replaced the glasses. The rather soft brown eyes resumed their sinister opacity.

He pulled slightly at his pinstriped legs to avoid damaging the fine crease of the trousers. "I hope we've been wearing this hosiery long enough. Mine aren't very smelly. My feet don't sweat much."

"Mine do," the younger rejoined. "They'll work for both of us."

"I'm not even sure what he needs both of us for. What does he expect me to do?"

"Be severe. Play it the same way you do your leather stuff. Tell him that after he tickles me he has to pull my sox off with his teeth and lick my feet."

The older raised his eyebrows. "I think I had that part figured out. It's just that I don't know if I should tie him up while we massage him or just get him off and send him home."

"Don't worry. He'll send signals."

The bald man arose and straightened his tie. "He's running late. I don't trust men who change appointments twice." He adjusted his sunglasses and went to a carafe at the far end of the table. "Need some water?"

"Nah. I'm fine. But I'm getting hungry." The younger man tossed his long, dark hair and wriggled against the ropes. "You did a fine job. These really look el perfecto, but I can get out if I need to."

"I'm not expecting any problems. He's not a 'crazy.' He's making his calls from a car phone during business hours."

"Yeah, after he gets through here, he'll go back to his nice little family in suburbia and charge us off to a business lunch."

"Hey! His hypocrisy is buying this week's groceries." The older man poured his glass of water and drank it. "Christopher, is this room too dark?"

"It's your glasses. Besides it'll get him more in the mood." Christopher wriggled once more in his bondage. "Besides, I don't want him to check out these ropes too much. Just let him tickle me for a while and I'll pretend to laugh and then you can get him started on our feet. Then you give him a massage while I keep my feet in his face, get him off, get him out, and we can have dinner."

The older man shot back his cuff, lifted his glasses slightly and inspected his wristwatch. "He's 15 minutes late now. Nobody's wanted us in suits all this year. And having to wear this sleazy black nylon hosiery for four days....Y'know, I haven't seen over-the-calf hose in 30 years."

"I wonder if maybe yours would have smelled more if you'd stuck them under your arms. When you're horny, you can get pretty grotty."

"For the price we quoted, he'll just have to make do."

"Papa-san, how come you didn't up the fee when he changed the appointment?" Christopher ran his tongue over his 'gag.'

"It's important to me to keep my word. There's too many folks you can't depend on." The bald man propped himself with one arm on the table, then pushed himself upright. "Still, most of these guys are nicer than the ones I was teaching school with. The politics of academia--now there's real hypocrisy."

"So you've told me."

'Papa-san' looked again at his watch, frowned and crossed to his companion. He gently ruffled the soft black hair, then smoothed the thick eyebrows that met almost in the middle. "Still okay?"

"Yeah...I think you're right. He isn't gonna show." Then Christopher chuckled. "It's hard for me to see you in a classroom."

"Well, I did it for thirty-some years. You're younger than some of my students." He sighed. "Sometimes it almost feels like incest." He sighed again, then touched his toes twice, careful of the creases in his trousers. "Let's give him a few more minutes."

"No problem. But I don't think he'll show." Christopher pushed the gag away from his moustache with his tongue. "Geez, I could use the money."

"Sure you could. So could I. I have to make the house payment. I hate things hanging over my head."

"And I still owe my shrink fifty bucks."

'Papa-san' leaned over Christopher's shoulder and briefly rested his head on

the young man's shoulder. "Life is never simple, is it Baby Bear? I wish clients realized we all have obligations." He scratched behind Christopher's ears and smoothed his hair. "People just don't want to accept their responsibilities."

"I wish we could do Mastercard or something. Some guys do, I know."

The older man rested his hands on the young man's shoulders and laughed. "But then we'd lose our amateur status."

"You're no amateur, Daddy Bear. Believe me." Christopher held the older man's gaze for a long time. Then he sighed. "You might as well get this stuff off of me. This guy's a no-show."

The older man knelt, pushed up his glasses and began to fumble with a knot. He had unwound the first turn of rope when the doorbell rang. Hastily he rewound and retied it. As he hurried to the door, he replaced the mirrored glasses.

Christopher worked his mouth back into the gag and straightened his posture.

When he opened the door, the bald man could barely conceal his surprise at the youth of the redheaded businessman who stood at the door. The man's eyes flickered furtively behind his gold-rimmed glasses, peering into the darkened room.

"Come in, Mr. Smith." He ushered the neatly suited young man into the room.

Mr. Smith squinted into the mirrored glasses and squeaked, "Sorry I'm late!"

Magisterially, his host intoned, "You are entirely too late, Mr. Smith, and you must take the responsibility for your actions. Take off your clothes and then crawl over and lick my secretary's shoes." He helped his client remove his silk shantung jacket and walked to the closet for a hanger.

When he turned back, the client was nervously engrossed in removing his tie and unbuttoning his shirt. Hidden behind Mr. Smith, his host briefly did an imitation of Groucho Marx duckwalking while flipping his cigar ash. Then, as Christopher disguised his laughter in a series of coughs, the older man pulled their client's trousers about his knees, tumbling him to the carpet. With the expertise of roping a calf, he stripped off the client's shoes and pants. Then, with surprising strength, he grasped the red-headed man's waist and shoulders and flipped him onto his knees.

'Papa-san' prodded the boxer-short clad rump of the young man with his elegant black shoe. "I am very displeased with my secretary. After you lick his shoes, you must tickle him until he learns proper behavior."

Christopher choked briefly and then assumed a solemn and submissive posture.

'Papa-san' bared his teeth in what might have been a smile as the nearly naked client began to crawl eagerly across the room.

JAY BEHR is a retired teacher living in San Francisco and Palm Springs. He did his undergraduate work at the University of Chicago and Colorado State University and did graduate work at San Francisco State University. He has taught art, world literature and journalism. He also worked at "The Committee" in San Francisco, where one co-worker was Robin Williams. JAY was also on the cover of CR's ZONES Special Issue.

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Hosted by JAZZY JIMMY, and starring many of the CR Follies alumnae.

D.J. DANCING

Starring TOMCAT and the SLUT PATROL. Late night D.J. Dancing, featuring the music from every generation without the ear-splitting volume. Something for everyone.

THE ART EXHIBIT

Featuring the works of OSAMU, RAM, KEMUSH and others.

THE WATER AEROBICS CLASSES

Hosted by THOM CLIFTON

THE TIKI HUT

Featuring CR back issues, cards, T-shirts, caps, handmade jewelry, and all kinds of good stuff.

THE ENDLESS POOL PARTY

Two private pools just for us: one heated, one not. Twice as much room as Orlando ... and no families!

THREE NO-HOST COCKTAIL PARTIES

Munchies included; you buy your own drinks.

THE HOTEL'S NO-HOST SATURDAY BARBECUE

Alfresco dinner on you under the stars, poolside. Entertainment.

THE MONDAY FAREWELL BREAKFAST

On us. No waiting in line, because each table will have its own family-style buffet. Announcements, farewells, deciding what to do next.

THE SIGHT-SEEING

See Mexico, Sea World, San Diego Zoo, Coronado Island, Wild Animal Park, Old Town, and Mission Bay with the new friends you've made.

THE 8TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING - MAY 7 THRU 11, 1998
TOWN & COUNTRY HOTEL, SAN DIEGO

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

The Gathering '98 Host Hotel is the Town & Country Hotel and Convention Center, located at 500 Hotel Circle North, in magnificent San Diego. Situated on 32 beautifully landscaped acres, the Town & Country is truly a city within a city. It has 1,000 rooms, from ranch-style garden rooms to penthouse suites. It also boasts four restaurants, four swimming pools (two exclusively for us), and a health club offering tennis, racquetball and spa facilities. A magnificent new golf course, a just-completed mega shopping center, and a new rapid transit stop are adjacent to hotel property. The airport is only 10 minutes away, and attractions such as the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, Balboa Park, Mission Bay and Old Town are even closer. Wild Animal Park and Mexico aren't far away. Garden rooms are available for $90 (single or double) per day plus tax. Tower rooms are available for $110. (Note: Parking is not included. The hotel charges guests $5 per day for parking.)

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of delegates and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '98 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign delegates, please call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

THE CR EVENTS

Thursday: Early Badge/Wristband pickup, reception, cabaret entertainment.

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, reception, dinner dance with Haute Chile, cabaret entertainment.

Saturday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, dinner on your own, gala cocktail show starring Mark & Clark, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Water aerobics class, workshops, art exhibit, recitals, reception, awards banquet, D.J. dancing, cabaret entertainment.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

NOTE: The Thursday, Friday and Sunday cocktail parties will utilize cash bars, which means that delegates must pay for their own beverages (except for beverages served with meals). CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties. Each delegate will receive two complimentary drinks during the Saturday night cocktail show. Additional drinks must be purchased at cash bars.

ADVANCE PAYMENT AND REGISTRATION FEES

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/15/98. Only will-call reservations will be taken after that date.

"A" Package - includes all events: thru 12/31/97: $190; 1/1/98 thru 4/15/98: $200.

"B" Package - includes all events except Friday night dinner dance, Saturday night cocktail show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $85 per person thru 4/15/98.

CANCELLATIONS

Cancellations made before 4/15/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 4/15/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate. Allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of refunds. Exclude the period of April 15 through May 15, 1998 from your calculations.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise/events.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION FEES

For those who are unable to commit by April 15th and want to make a will-call reservation, call us. We will send you a special Will-Call Delegate Agreement/Registration Form for your completion, signature and return. Unless you are a VIP, you will be required to send a fully refundable deposit along with your registration. Will-Call customers unable to attend must cancel by May 5, 1998, or forfeit deposit. VIP NO-SHOWS WILL BE BILLED A SERVICE CHARGE OF $20.

WILL-CALL PRICES:

"A" Package - includes all events: $220.

"B" Package - includes all events except Friday night dinner dance, Saturday night cocktail show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 100 per person.

ON-SITE SALES

(Without Reservations)

"A" Package: $250, provided space is available.

"B" Package: $110.

NOTICE:

PER-DAY OR PER-EVENT PACKAGES ARE NO LONGER AVAILABLE.

ACT NOW AND SAVE!

ADVANCE PAY "A": $190-200
WILL-CALL "A: $220
ON-SITE "A": $250

ADVANCE PAY "B": $85
WILL-CALL "B": $100
ON-SITE "B": $110

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.

PRPAID REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE)

CONVENTION: _____

NAME _____
(please print legibly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

CR MODEL NAME _____

PACKAGE SELECTED _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED $_____

I WILL _____/ **WILL NOT** _____ **BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL**

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH

_____

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damages he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon, or "thong" bathing suits. Ethnic or religious apparel is exempt.

5. WRIST BANDS: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided wrist band at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate understands that absolutely no videography will be allowed at any CR venue, including dinner events, workshops, recitals, art exhibit, D.J. dancing, cabaret or pool areas. Still photography is allowed, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexually suggestive behavior, such as passionate kissing, fondling oneself or another, or exhibiting obscene gestures outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication; or d) any criminal behavior, including but not limited to genital exposure, sexual acts, or any other act deemed obscene or criminal by local laws.

8. UNAUTHORIZED EVENTS: Delegate agrees not to host, videotape, or be a party to any unauthorized gathering organized by clandestine invitation or word-of-mouth for the purpose of group sex or any other activity which could damage CRPI's reputation or relationship with the hotel.

9. EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in his expulsion from the convention without refund. Delegate further understands that the breach of this agreement as regards item 7d could result in arrest and prosecution.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.

Signature: _____

Date: _____

Accepted: ____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393

TEL/VOICE MAIL/FAX: (888) 227-2935 (within U.S.)
TEL/VOICE MAIL: (760) 868-6371;
FAX: (760) 868-0328 (outside U.S.)

THE 2ND ANNUAL SIMBA MARDI GRAS
FEBRUARY 20, 21, 22, 1998
THE MILLENNIUM SYDNEY HOTEL

THE HOST HOTEL

The 2nd Annual Simba Mardi Gras host hotel is the The Millennium Sydney Hotel, located at the top of William Street in Sydney, Australia. It is a world-class hotel which houses a complete shopping center and several exquisite restaurants. Perched atop a hill overlooking the entire city of Sydney, it offers unparalelled views. It is located in a section of Sydney called Kings Cross, a very lively area known for night clubs, strip joints and video arcades. Most of the major attractions in Sydney are within a reasonable walk or short cab/train ride from the hotel. Downtown is only two kilometers away, and the Opera House is only 3 km. Circular Quay, the main terminus for ferries, busses and trains, is a little over 2.5 km from the Hyatt Regency.

THE CR EVENTS

Friday, February 20:
5:00 pm - 6:30pm - Reception
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm - Dinner
8:00 pm - 11:00 pm - Apre Entertainment and Hospitality

Saturday, February 21:
5:00 pm - 6:30pm - Reception
6:30 pm - 8:00 pm - Dinner with Speaker
8:00 pm - 11:00 pm - Hospitality

Sunday, February 22:
9:00 am - 10:30 am - Breakfast and Farewells

CONVENTION ADVANCE PAYMENT AND REGISTRATION FEES

Through 12/31/97:	U.S.$145.00
1/1/98 thru 1/31/98:	U.S.$150.00

CANCELLATIONS

Cancellations made before 1/31/98 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $25. No refunds will be available after 1/31/98. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate, provided cancellation is made by February 15, 1998. Allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of refunds.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

Fee covers three-course gourmet meals on Friday and Saturday, a plated breakfast on Sunday, and four hours of beverage (beer, wine or soft drinks) during Friday and Saturday receptions. Beverages over and above four hours will be for the account of delegate.

Sorry, no per-day or per-event passes will be available.

WILL-CALL REGISTRATION

For those who are unable to commit by January 31, 1998, and want to make a will-call reservation, request a special Will-Call Delegate Agreement/Registration Form. After we receive the special registration form and deposit (none required for VIPs), we will make your badge and have it waiting for you. Provide delegate agreement in advance; pay at the door the equivalent of U.S. $160 (about AUD $222), less the amount deposited. Will-Call customers unable to attend must cancel by February 15, 1998, or forfeit deposit. VIP NO-SHOWS WILL BE BILLED A SERVICE CHARGE OF $20.

ON-SITE SALES

Provided space is available, a total package may be obtained for the equivalent of U.S. $185. Cash or credit card only, please.

OTHER SPECIAL EVENTS

2/22/98: Private Motor Coach Tour of Northern Beaches and Rain Forest, 5 nights. Documentary shoot in progress. See details on page 45.

2/28/98: View the Mardi Gras Parade from reserved seating with the CR gang. Cost: AUD $50 (U.S.$36)

3/2 THRU 3/5/98: Stop in Fiji on return for additional documentary shooting and R & R. Call for our itinerary, but book on your own. No organized tour.

FOR CONVENTION, MOTOR COACH TOUR AND PARADE SEATS DEAL WITH US:

CRPI
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393
TEL: (888) 227-2935 (in U.S.)
TEL: (760) 868-6371
(outside U.S.)
FAX: (760) 868-0328

FOR HOTEL AND AIR RESERVATIONS, CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

FOR INFORMATION ON TICKETS (with your own group) FOR THE MARDI GRAS PARADE AND PARTY, CONTACT:

Mardi Gras
P.O. Box 557
Newtown, NSW
Sydney 2042
AUSTRALIA
Tel: 011+61+2+9557 4332
Fax: 011+61+ 2+9516 4446
http://www.mardigras.com.au

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM

MAGAZINES

	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
SUBSCRIPTIONS		
12 bimonthly issues of CR, with free 50-word ad in two issues.	80.00	100.00
6 bimonthly issues of CR.	42.00	55.00
CR BACK ISSUES: 70 thru 79	8.00 EA	10.00 EA
CRC BACK ISSUES: 7, 8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

PERSONAL AD

BASIC AD: _____ Words @ 30 cents per word X _____ Issues = $ _____
CODE WORD: @ 5.00 X _____Issues= _____
TELEPHONE VERIFICATION @10.00 (one time charge per ad) _____

CONVENTIONS

SAN DIEGO '98 Package: _____ A _____ B $ _____
SYDNEY '98 Package: _____ A _____ B _____

OTHER MERCHANDISE

	BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
BOOK: QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	5.95 EA
APPAREL: CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)	
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	3.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Europe	6.00 per order
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	8.00 per order
ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

TOTAL ENCLOSED U.S. $ _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check ❑ Money Order ❑ VISA ❑ MASTER CARD ❑ AMERICAN EXPRESS ❑

Credit Card # _____ Expiration _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges): _____
Your name, exactly as it appears on your credit card: _____
Your credit card billing address for verification only: _____

ALLOW 4 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____
COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

ALL OUR PRODUCTS ARE MAILED DISCREETLY

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD NO LATER THAN:
10/15/97 FOR CR 82; 12/15/97FOR CR 83; 2/15/98 FOR CR 84

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost by filling out the previous form.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:
(NOTE: THE WORD COUNT IS INTENDED FOR A GUIDE FOR CUSTOMER. NOT REQUIRED FOR AD.)

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

The pricing calculation for my ad is enclosed (from page 55).

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

BODY VIGOROUS

A CUTTING EDGE LOOK AT
MATURE MEN'S HEALTH ISSUES

Serotonin Revisited
By Holling Thomas

One dish of ice cream just seems to tempt another for many of us, and another , and ultimately we end up finishing the frozen stuff right out of the carton. When it's empty, and the cardboard sits rejected in the sink or the trash, we reject it, too. Why can't we eat "normally"? Why is it that every diet is a roadmap to failure? A new book, *The Serotonin Solution* by Judith J. Wurtman, Ph.D. (Fawcett Columbine, New York, 1996, published by Ballantine Books) points the finger directly at serotonin. In the book the author describes a difference between physical hunger, which can be relieved by a large number of foods, and psychological hunger, which can only be relieved by eating foods that "renew and restore" serotonin.

Until recently, very few of us had heard of serotonin, one of the brain's neurotransmitters which carry signals across tiny gaps in the brain's cellular structure. Those who had heard of it generally had done so with reference to antidepressant medications such as Prozac ("Better Than We Were," CR #63). We learned that these drugs work to correct depression by selectively preventing the brain from rapidly reabsorbing serotonin into the brain cells. This characteristic gives them their name of Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors or SSRIs. This inhibiting action permits serotonin to remain outside the cell longer, working in a still-unrevealed way to alter depressive moods and level out our personality swings. The drugs have been very well-received, generally, and have become among the most commonly prescribed medications ever produced.

Fortunately, research on serotonin did not end with the development of these highly profitable drugs. Serotonin is recognized as a complex protein, and information about it merits the attention of everyone in the CR family who has ever had to deal with obesity, the problems of quitting smoking, parenting, and other stressful if common situations. This book has been a minor publishing meteor. To her surprise, the author has received unexpected and apparently unwarranted tabloid publicity as a result of her research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the book's publication, and her advocacy of pharmacological intervention when warranted in the treatment of obesity.

(The author offers an interesting comment about Prozac's failure as a drug for treating obesity. Originally it was thought to be promising for that purpose, but experience has shown that it is frequently U-shaped in effect. That is to say that initial weight loss occurs, followed by a plateau, then weight gain. While it is clear that serotonin is implicated in weight control, Prozac was not the answer.)

Basically, Dr. Wurtmann's book outlines the way serotonin works and offers several eating plans that take advantage of the neurotransmitter's unique function in the body. Furthermore, the method she recommends, which she claims is supported by her research, is quite simple, in that it is a complex carbohydrate-rich program. Actually, it is several programs, because the book outlines dietary approaches for each of several stressful conditions. These include parenting, shift work, and the effects of quitting smoking, along with several others. These diets are all precisely prescribed eating plans, and are preceded by very lucid explanations of the stress factors involved and the kinds of eating required to increase serotonin levels in each case.

Anecdotes are liberally sprinkled through the book, making it easy reading, and it would be a rare person of maturity who had not had experiences similar to them. The most valuable part for CR readers will probably be the explanations of the effect serotonin has on mood, and the methods of increasing serotonin levels in the brain. For example, most people have ideas of comfort foods, and for men of maturity (and class) these foods are very commonly rich in sugars and fats. We eat them, but they fail to do what we want. In other words, in the ice cream example above, the comfort we hoped for isn't there, and neither is the ice cream. Chocolate is another high-fat, high-sugar comfort food often binged on when stress is ruining our moods and moments. One chocolate bar doesn't quite handle the problem, so another goes down. Why don't these comfort foods work? Dr. Wurtman says it's because the body craves carbohydrates, but not the fat and protein that often are included. A bagel without butter, say, or a piece of toast, again without butter or with the tiniest bit of butter, will satisfy the serotonin craver better than the comfort foods of our childhood, according to her. She also says her research indicates the precise ratio of carbohydrates to proteins for optimum success in raising serotonin levels.

Unfortunately for most of us, to follow the weight loss programs, the book requires that bane of dieters, the dreaded Exchange Lists. Even though Wurtman provides a good explanation of these lists and why they work, they are still onerous. For most of us, healthful eating is more important than a svelte figure, so the tendency is to throw the book out with the exchange lists, so to speak. Fortunately the book can be read on two levels—one for an understand of serotonin's effect on hunger, the other for Wurtman's approach to dieting.

It is the first level, a search for information about the mood-changing effects of eating that should be of interest to almost all older people, and to younger ones as well. As the book progresses through page after page of diet structures, the reader becomes aware that

the message is being lost in some super salesmanship. Altering our moods to make us feel better should be quite possible if Wurtman's approach is correct. Testing it should be almost as simple as putting the bagels right next to the ice cream in the freezer. In the time it takes to scoop up the ice cream (please don't say you eat it right out of the carton), a bagel defrosts in the microwave and you're on your way to serotonin boosting.

If this is to work, readers will have to make a giant leap of faith to accept the idea that a bagel can substitute for a dish of ice cream. This was such a giant leap for me that only trial would work, and work it did. I was completely disappointed, because I had wanted to be able to say "been there, done that and it didn't work," but it did work, much to my surprise. And not just once—it worked so often that I have now come to prefer the bagel or a slice of unbuttered bread or toast when I feel a stress-snack-need coming on. Sometimes a dab or even a liberal smear of jam or jelly goes on the bread, but usually it is just plain nude bread or bagel. And, surprisingly, my mood goes up when I eat that way, which I cannot say for the ice cream or chocolate bar remedies I have tried for so long.

Anyone who snacks because of stress—in fact, anyone who feels stress and doesn't know what to do about it—should read this book. Wurtman included a fairly lengthy bibliography, which is usually a sign of serious writing. Her research positions with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and her work on the invention of dexfenfluramine (Redux) for the treatment of obesity speak well in establishing her credentials, the recent ban on the drug notwithstanding. However, anyone who reads the book should be careful also to read the explanation of her relationship in the matter of this drug, disclosed on the copyright page. That information will help a reader evaluate the usefulness and dangers of pharmacological intervention.

The explanation of serotonin and how its levels can be altered through diet are the most important parts of the book. It is well worth the time to read it, and to pick and choose the parts that apply to one's individual stress situations, even if weight loss is not the immediate goal.

The listed publisher's price is $24.00 for the hard copy, but my public library had it, though I had to wait several months on hold before a copy was available.

HOLLING THOMAS has retired in the Northwest from positions in health education, personnel management, and legal assistance. He enjoys correspondence, writing and travel.

VAQUERO PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

"AARON'S DADDIES"

$20

Almost two hours of mature to senior male imagery in action. Adults Only

Part I: "Men at Work," starring Big Mr. T, Diddling Daddies, and Little Mr. T.

Part II: "Euro Daddies," a mixede bag of introductory clips of encounters with various European Grandaddies from Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Hungary.

Part III: Clips from various conventions and picnics sponsored by senior organizations.

Part IV: Esoteric home video of doorbell trade.

For more information, contact
Bill Aaron
12525 Chanute St.
Hansen Hills, CA 91331
E-mail: aaron@earthlink.net

COMING UP IN CR #82

A REVIEW OF OUR OWN BRENT JOHNSTON'S NEW CD, "CLASSICAL WALLPAPER."

EVIDENCE OF THE BENEFITS OF THE NEW HEALTH SUPPLEMENT "PYCNOGENOL."

THE NEW CLASSY LINE OF CR APPAREL

A REVIEW OF VAQUERO PRODUCTION'S "AARON'S DADDIES."

THE RETURN OF ARTIST RAM

TURNING UP THE THERMOSTAT WITH HOTTER FICTION, MORE MODELS

HERMAN THE GERMAN

lives on in the hearts of his myriad fans

MOJAVE

the resurrection

$75

AVAILABLE ONLY TO VIPs AND ESTABLISHED CRPI CUSTOMERS.

Includes shipping, handling and sales tax. VHS-NTSC only. Not available in PAL. Allow one to three weeks for delivery.

TOTAL ENCLOSED U.S. $ ____ METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check ❑ Money Order ❑ Visa ❑ MC ❑ Amex ❑

Make all checks and money orders payable to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.

Credit Card # _____ Expiration (mm/yy) _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges): _____

Your name, exactly as it appears on your credit card: _____

Your billing address (for credit card verification only): _____

Your telephone number: _____

SHIP TO:
NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____ (no P.O. Boxes, please)

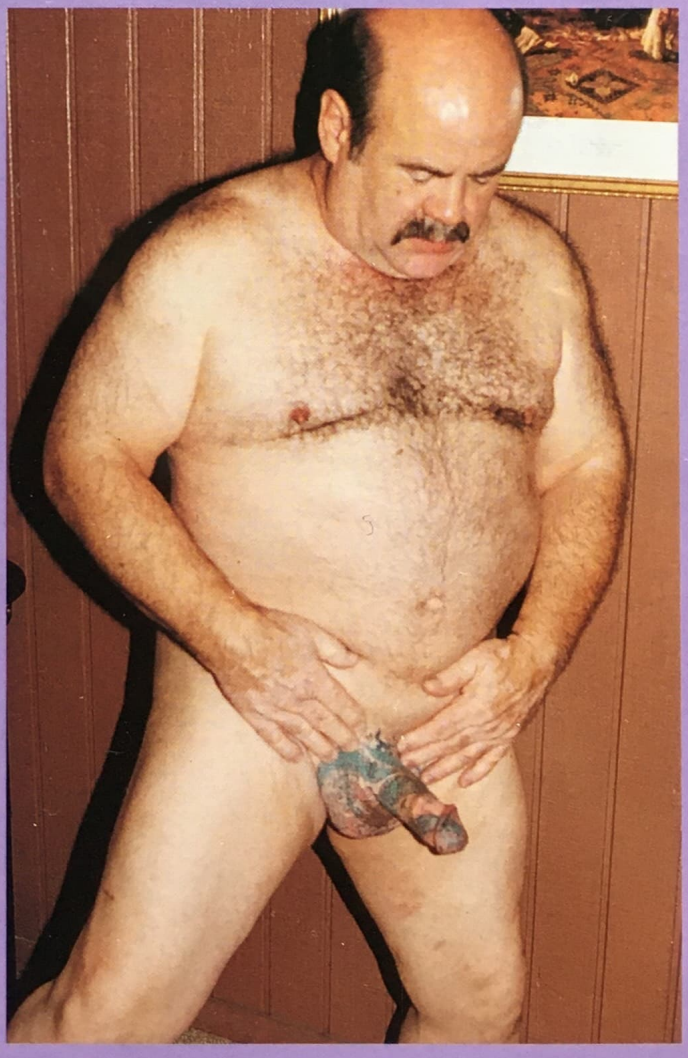
CITY, STATE, ZIP: _____

Also available:

THE GALLERY - VHS -NTSC Only @ $60, which includes shipping, handling and sales tax.
SWAN SONG - VHS -NTSC @ $60, which includes shipping, handling and sales tax.
SWAN SONG - VHS-PAL @ $70, which includes shipping, handling and sales tax.

ALL SHIPMENTS WILL BE MADE VIA UPS INSIDE DISCREETLY MARKED, OVERSIZED PACKAGES.

DRAGON HEAD



CAJUN FOX

GATHERING '97 IN ORLANDO

PHOTOMAN